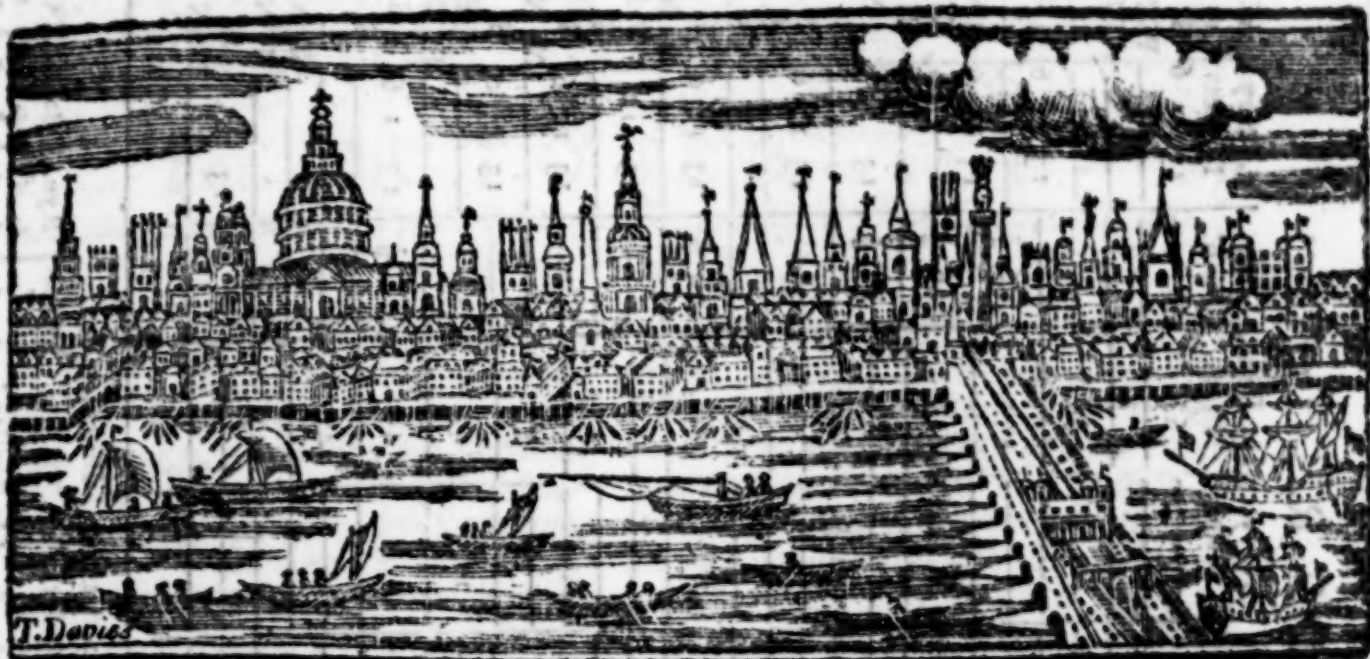


The LONDON MAGAZINE:



Or, GENTLEMAN's *Monthly Intelligencer*;

For OCTOBER, 1771.

History of Gallantry	477
The Northern Elopement; or the Amours of the Scotch Worthies	478
Advice to the Fair	482
British Theatre	483
Strictures on the Provoked Wife	ibid.
——— on the Beggars Opera	ibid.
Letters to the Benevolent Society	485
History of Mrs Crosby and her Daughter Emma	488
Junius's Letter previous to the Election of the Lord Mayor	490
Confutation of the Opinions of Wollaston and Hobbes, concerning the Origin of Virtue	494
Whimsical Anecdote of the late Duke of Newcastle	495
Letters relative to Farmer on Miracles	496
A Geographical Question	499
Debates of a Political Club	500
Reviewers reviewed, No. I.	505
Impartial Review of New Publications	507
Journal of the Ship Endeavour	ibid.
Bougainville's Voyage to the Malouine islands	509
Bulkeley on the Parables	ibid.

Dalrymple's historical Collection of Voyages and Discoveries in the South Pacific Ocean, 2 vols.	510
Curate of Coventry	ibid.
Miller on the Distinction of Ranks in Society	ibid.
An Address to the House of Commons in Ireland	ibid.
The Heresy and Heretic of the Scriptures completely described	ibid.
Reddington on Brewing	ibid.
Grant on Fevers, &c.	511
POETICAL ESSAYS	ibid.
Tears of the British Muse	ibid.
A Thought	513
To a Lady going to bathe in the Sea	ibid.
On seeing Miss Burton act Oriana at Plymouth	ibid.
Seasons, a Song	514
Autumnal Ode	ibid.
Specimens of Browne's Pastorals	515
Arithmetical Question	ibid.
MONTHLY CHRONOLOGER	516
Marriages and Deaths	523
Bankrupts	524
Foreign Affairs	525
Stocks, Grain, Wind, and Weather	476

WITH

An humorous Print of a LATE SCENE AT BARNET; Continuation of the Road from LONDON to ST. DAVID's, extending to BURTON FERRY;
A NEW SONG and a NEW COTILLON set to Music.

LONDON: Printed for R. BALDWIN, at No. 47. in Pater-noster Row;
Of whom may be had complete Sets, from the Year 1732, to the present Time; ready bound or stitched, or any single Volume to complete Sets.

PRICES of STOCKS, &c. in OCTOBER, 1771.

	Bank Stock 15 Sunday	India Stock 218 1/2	Sou. Sea. Stock	Old S. Ann. 86 5/8	New S. S. Ann.	3 per C. reduced	3 per C. confol.	3 1/2 per C. 1756.	3 1/2 per C. 1758.	4 per C. confol.	India Ann. 95 1/2	Navy. Bills.	In. Bond. Prem. 53	Long. Ann.	Lottery Tickets 13 13 6	Wind at Deat S. W.	Weather London Fair
28																	Cloudy
29																	Fine
30	151 1/4	214 1/2										2				N. E.	Fair
1													45		13 10 6	S. W.	Fair
2	148	207 1/2									85		42	26 1/2	13 13 6	S. W.	Fair
3																	Fair
4																	Fair
5	150	217											43	26 1/2		N. E.	Cold
6	Sunday															N. E.	Cold
7																N.	Rain
8	149 1/2	210 1/2											46	26 1/2	13 12	S. W.	Rain
9																	Rain
10	149 1/4	211														S. W.	Windy
11																	Fair
12	151 1/4	213 1/2									83 1/4	2 1/4	44	26 1/2	13 11 0	N. W.	Fair
13	Sunday												44			N. W.	Fair
14																	Fair
15	151	214														S. W.	Rain
16																	Fair
17	151	213											45		13 11 6	S. W.	Rain
18																	Fair
19	Sunday												36		13 13 0	N. N. W.	Rain
20														26		S. W.	Cloudy
21												1 1/4	47	26 1/2	13 1 6	E. N. W.	Rain
22																	Rain
23																	Rain
24	148 1/4	216											47			S. W.	Fair
25																	Fair
26													49	26 1/2	13 8	N. N. E.	Cloudy
27	Sunday	215														S. W.	Rain

AVERAGE PRICES of GRAIN, by the Standard WINCHESTER Bushel.

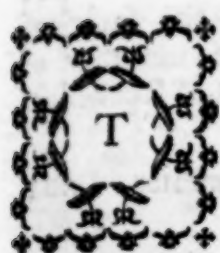
Counties Inland	Wheat. s. d.	Rye. s. d.	Barley. s. d.	Oats. s. d.	Beans. s. d.	Wheat. s. d.	Rye. s. d.	Barley. s. d.	Oats. s. d.	Wheat. s. d.	Rye. s. d.	Barley. s. d.	Oats. s. d.	Beans. s. d.
North Wales	6 4	4 7	3 4	2 0	3 7	5 0	4 4	3 1	1 7	5 1	3 4	2 7	2 1	3 0
South Wales	5 9	4 5	3 0	2 0	3 8	5 4	4 4	2 11	1 4	5 0	4 5	3 0	2 1	3 0

under
fall t
perfo
08

T H E LONDON MAGAZINE:

For OCTOBER, 1771.

TO THE PUBLICK.



THE great extent and opulence of the British empire have enabled those who are possessed of address and distinguished employments, to acquire sudden and immense fortunes. The consequence is, that upstarts ape, and even exceed, the ancient nobility in luxury and extravagance; no wonder then if the spirit of emulation thus raised by the leaders of the people, spreads through every rank, and creates a general lust of dissipation. In fact, what with the enormous sums rapaciously accumulated in the East-Indies, what with the disproportioned gains of commissaries and contractors, the peculation of ministers, and the frauds of stockjobbers, riches universally engross the minds of men. Enflamed by the prospect of the enjoyments, in which these sons of fortune are seen to wallow, the nation burns with the same general passion; and what in Young's days was Fame is now Money.

All eyes being thus directed to the same object, what is more natural than for every man to talk of those, who are in possession of every man's Wish? Hence the avidity, with which memoirs of our own times are read. Nor is this wonderful. The love of knowledge, particularly the knowledge of his own species, is natural to man. What else is the source of the delight, with which we peruse the history of past ages? But, if we are amused and instructed by a view of the life of men long since dead, how much more amusement and instruction must we receive from the history of living characters, that influence our fortunes and manners both as citizens and as indi-

viduals? The exploits of Plutarch's heroes, though interesting, are too distant in time and place to be brought home and applied to our present business and pursuits without an effort of the imagination and a facility at comparison, of which few but those, who have by study and practice acquired the habit of reasoning, are capable; but the application of domestick and living examples of virtue and vice is an operation within the reach of the most vulgar and untutored mind.

This seems to be the cause of the welcome reception, which anecdotes of modern characters meet with? In most of these performances, indeed, the grand passion of Love, a string to which all have an accord, is touched; and the world being now surfeited with romances, or fictitious love-stories, begins to recover its appetite for truth. We should be wanting in duty to the publick, to whom we have so many obligations, if, among our other attempts to please, we did not also strike into this path, which has been hitherto so little trod, and occasionally pluck a flower for its entertainment. Having, as we apprehend, been always superiour to our rivals in the solidity and utility of our articles, we are resolved not to fall short of them in amusement. By a due mixture of the *useful and the agreeable* we shall convince the publick that works of this nature do not, like men, lose their vigour through age, but renew their youth, like the eagle. As the LONDON MAGAZINE is the oldest, we have no doubt of making it the best even in that light sort of reading, which seems to be so much the present taste. For this purpose a part of it shall for the future be dedicated to

THE HISTORY OF GALLANTRY:

under which Title will naturally fall the intrigues of all the eminent persons not only in the British empire,

but in the neighbouring kingdoms; especially in those with which we are most closely connected either by an

Oct. 1771.

Q q q 2

union

union or opposition of interests. The utmost care, however, shall be taken to prevent the admission of any thing, that is not authentick, or that will shock the ears of the delicate. For, however fashionable the practice may be, it is not our intention to excite publick curiosity by vending scandal. Conscious of our own talents we scorn such low arts; liberal pursuits being in our opinion the only means, by which an honest mind would wish to ensure success. Let not then the most rigid matron, nor the most prudish old maid dread to peruse this de-

partment of our Magazine. We shall never put either to the blush. The former may safely read it aloud to her virgin daughters, and the latter may silently cast her eye over it without any fever of the blood, and for a moment forget her dogs and monkeys. As it is our view to present to all young persons *a repository of useful examples*, which may, like beacons, deter them from splitting on the same fatal rocks, we shall guard against the fault of those who inculcate the morality of Addison by the obscenity of Rochester. We shall begin with

The NORTHERN ELOPEMENT or the Amours of the Scotch Worthies, LADY MARY SC—T and CAPTAIN SUTH—ND.

LADY Mary Sc—t, the heroine of our story, is daughter of the present earl of E—l by his first wife, who was daughter to Alexander Lock—t, the Norton of the Scotch bar. Being descended from such parents, where is the wonder, if she be a fine woman? Every spectator may remember that, when her father walked in procession at the coronation as hereditary High Constable of Scotland, he eclipsed the rest of his peers in the beauty of his person; and we can assure our readers that her mother was not inferior in personal accomplishments. It is not yet forgot how many white handkerchiefs wiped the streaming eyes of the fair, when her grand-father, Kilm—k, felt the edge of the fatal axe on Tower-hill. Their tender hearts relented at the sight, and forgave his ingratitude and treason to his sovereign. Lady Mary is worthy of her progenitors. Tall, elegant and admirably well-proportioned in all her limbs, she has fair tresses that might excite the envy of the Paphian Queen. Her complexion may be more easily conceived than described: it is pure as the driven snow. The features of her face are regular and expressive; and there is in her eye a melting softness which nothing can withstand. Whoever has seen her at the London assembly, (for she has honoured that place with her presence,) move like one of the Graces, will find his own heart the most powerful advocate for the treachery of Captain S—d.

To all these circumstances add that she is but eighteen years of age, the season of love; and you will not wonder that she made an indelible impression on the heart of a young man, who

had nothing to engross his attention but the ladies. The only thing, which ought to surprise us, if indeed any effect of her beauty could surprise, is that she could captivate a man of Gener—l Sc—t's character so far as to make him conclude in the ardour of his passion a match of love. Yet this is actually fact. Except her person, nothing worth mentioning came by the marriage into his family. The Kilm—k estate having been forfeited by the imprudence of the late earl, her father had only the wrecks of the fortune, and could therefore make no settlement on his daughter suitable to her birth. For, though he had according to the common policy of the Scotch nobility adhered to the opposite side, and kept his captaincy in the guards, his interest was not sufficient to secure any thing but what descended to him in right of his mother, who was not only countess of Kilm—k, but sole heiress of the earldoms of Callan—r, Linlith—w and E—l. But the ruins of these estates were but ill qualified for filling up the breaches made in the family fortune by the father's adherence to the cause of the pretender.

In spite of these disadvantages Lady Mary made an entire conquest of general Sc—t, who was by his acquaintances deemed rather a bold man to venture on such a young and buxom bride. With Pope's Justin they would say,

What! at these years to venture on the fair!
By Him that made the ocean, earth and air,
To please a wife, when her occasions call,
Would busy the most vigorous of us all;
And, trust us, sir, the chastest you can chuse
Will ask observance, and exact her dues.

Regard-

Regardless as January of these insinuations, and depending on his own wisdom, he stood out against every remonstrance with the obstinacy of *George himself*.

What then, you will ask, was the general's age at this memorable era? According to himself he had hardly completed the mystical number 45: but the envious and malevolent insisted that he was nearer his grand climacterick. Be this as it will, he was still hale and strong, and no disagreeable figure; being of a middle size, robust and fresh-coloured: the natural consequences of his manner of living. At sixteen he entered into the army, and served many campaigns as an inferior officer. Though the family-estate at Balg—ie in Fife, which is not despicable, was sufficient to procure him respect, he found that neither it, nor his connections, had weight enough to raise him in the service. It is only of late that Lord Mansfield, his relation, is become omnipotent. Hence his youth passed in obscurity; a subaltern having few opportunities of distinguishing himself in the field, and the first in command making generally prize of all the honour.

Our hero, who is not destitute of sagacity, observing these obstructions to his preferment, and being perhaps inclined by nature to imitate the prudence of his friend Mansfield, studied the art of shuffling the cards instead of wielding the spontoon. Hoyle was with him a greater favourite than Cæsar or Polybius; and he attended with much more anxiety to the revolutions of a game at Whist, than to the various turns of fortune in the most famous battle ever fought by the king of Prussia. In short, he was an absolute Macaroni, and became a distinguished character at Almack's. Not that he played at random with the heat and indiscretion of our young nobility. Far from trusting to the fickle Goddess Fortune, he endeavoured to command her attention by address and dexterity. Never did Locke make greater preparations for developing the hidden powers of the human mind; never did Newton give more intense application to the solution of a mathematical problem, than the General discovered in the management of the four aces. In order to keep himself cool he generally dined at home upon chicken broth, and drank but little wine. Hence, when he stumbled of an evening into the temple of Fortune in Pallmall, he was sober as a judge, while his antagonists were in the seaman's phrase half-seas over. Hence he frequently came home with his four or five thousand pounds in his pocket of a night. But if, notwithstanding all his precautions, luck run against him, he made it a settled maxim never to lose above a fixed sum. Thus he secured himself against any great blow, without giving the opposite party any just ground for being angry with him for interrupting the career of his success.

We do not, however, hear that he observed any such rule, when he happened to be on the winning side.

By the regular observation of this plan he accumulated an immense fortune; being, after Sir Laurence Dundas, the richest commoner in Scotland. Nor are there in England many to whom he is inferior in that respect; if, as we are credibly informed, he be worth above four hundred thousand pounds. Certain it is, however, that he has lent two hundred thousand pounds upon very good security; an alarming proof of the extravagant height to which gaming is carried in the present age. It is not that we would mark out the General as an unfair player. No stain of that nature lies upon his character, though, since the days of Charters, he is the greatest gamester that Europe has seen.

It might naturally be expected, that a man, who acquired money with such ease and expedition, would have a relish for gallantry, and be extremely liberal to the ladies. Our hero had a different turn. Whether it was that, from the constant habit of seeing the heap increase, his heart became contracted, or that he had a mind, in spite of Lord Bute, to shew that Scotch economy was not a fable, his name was never very popular among the fair. Most of those nymphs, with whom he used to relax himself after the fatigue of the gaming table, speak but meanly of his generosity. And yet a pittance would have made them happy, as they were not of high degree. Fond neither of the demi-reps of quality, nor of distinguished courtezans, he was never known to keep a professed mistress. Too troublesome and expensive, they would have diverted him too much from the prosecution of that plan, upon which he intended to build his fortune and his fame. Till his connection with Lady Mary, he never distinguished himself in the world of gallantry, except in the character of what the ladies of Augustus's court called *Ancillariola*; a term of reproach for one who carried on amours with maid-servants and low wenches. Many of these, his pimps and panders, and particularly his housekeeper, decoyed into his service, where they officiated in more than one character, till they proved with child, or he became cloyed with possession, and longed for a new object to provoke his languid appetite.

His schemes for trepanning innocence were not always successful. The prosecution against Lord Baltimore for a rape happened to be in agitation, while he had a young girl locked up in his bedchamber for the night. She was saved by threatening to commence an action of the same nature, if he offered violence. Another was left pregnant, when he went abroad to join his regiment. Being distressed with want, the poor wretch

wretch at his return petitioned for relief. He told her that, if the child had been a boy, he would have taken care of him; and after much entreaty dismissed her with ten pounds! This conduct may have perhaps been owing to the feudal notions, which still prevail in Scotland, and which make the gentry consider the happiness of the common people as of no consequence. Having never reasoned or philosophized much but upon Brag or Piquet, he had no time to get rid of the prejudices of education, and to perceive that the inferior ranks of society were not like the brute creation, solely made for the use of the great. At least his behaviour to Lady Mary and the Captain, would incline us to put this favourable construction upon such unjustifiable proceedings.

Such is the man, whom by the persuasions of friends, and the allurements of fortune, our heroine honoured with her bed. The first fruits of their union, if a male, was, by the marriage-articles, to have a hundred thousand pounds settled upon him and his heirs for ever; the second was to receive twenty thousand pounds; and the rest of his fortune was to be equally divided among their common issue. The jointure of Lady Mary amounted to fifteen hundred a year; a sufficiently ample provision.

Notwithstanding all these flattering prospects, she found a void in her heart, which it was not in the power of the General to fill. He was old and grave; she young and gay. The latter loved toying and trifling; the former was past that age. The one required a constant attendance and a succession of amusements; the other from habit and a passion for money and gaming, found no amusement for a length of time in any thing but cards, and could give his attendance only at Almacks. The debates of the lower house were to him insipid. Neither the tropes of Burke, nor the sarcasms of Barre, nor the elegant flow of Wedderburne, afforded him half so much delight as the chinking of guineas shoved over to his side of the table.

In this opposition of sentiment between him and his rib what was to be done? He could not recall his youth, nor did he chuse, in imitation of Italy, to furnish her with a *cicisbeo*. Such an establishment in his household would have frustrated his intentions of providing a true and lineal heir to his estate. In order to render every thing solid and sure, a trusty person was appointed both to watch her conduct, and to make the hours seem less tedious in the general's absence. And who should this trusty person be? Not a duenna you may be sure. British ladies must not be treated like slaves. They abhor your Spanish padlocks and duennas. The guardian angel of her virtue was the general's friend, Capt. S. a young man about thirty, and a grand-

son of Lord D—'s, who was attainted in the year 1715, for being engaged in the rebellion, and forfeited the family estate. With this gallant youth, who has a fine person, and is therefore, though no wiseacre, apt enough to engage the affections of the fair, my lady made shift to pass the long winter evenings pretty agreeably. Being a near relation, and almost a child of the General's own creation, no suspicion of infidelity could be entertained. If the sanctions of religion, and a sense of duty, should not be sufficient restraints upon her; yet it was supposed that the ties of gratitude, and the fear of ruin, would infallibly keep him within bounds. The general never attended to the observation of Manley, in the play, that, if you are made a cuckold, it is by your friend, because your enemy has no access to your house; and that, if your honour is sullied it is by your friend, because your enemy is not believed against you.

This security proved the bane of all the parties. My Lady having soon discovered that her husband was not so young as she could wish, began to pay a particular attention to the Captain. Never easy without his company, she would frequently desire him to wait upon her to the play, to the opera, to Ranelagh, or some other place of public resort; and there discovered much more pleasure in conversing with him, than in listening to the entertainment of the evening. When they happened to be playing alone at all-fours, she would often fall into a reverie, and throw down a trump for a common card. Waking from her dream she would sigh, and cry out, I believe, Captain, I am bewitched; for, while I should be minding my hand, I am watching the issue of the game in your face. In mine, madam!—Well—I talk foolishly—How old, Captain, do you think the General may be? Upon my word, my lady, I never examined the parish register.—But I wish you would for my satisfaction; for I do think he has imposed upon me in that particular. O, Captain! that he were but as young and handsome, and as gallant as you! My dear madam, you are too partial to your humble servant. Why so, Captain? Because to a lady of your unequalled beauty and irresistible charms—Hold, hold, for fear you should stand self-confuted—I think you know one to whom they have not proved irresistible. He blushed, she smiled, and they understood one another. From this time they ogled, passed mutual compliments, and interchanged marks of tenderness and affection; till at last they began to think it meritorious to provide an heir to the old General's estate. Whether the child that was fathered upon the husband, was the fruit of their dalliance, cannot be positively affirmed. Certain it is, that he is now extremely glad the child is no more; because its legitimacy would

would be always questionable. So far, however, was he, good easy man, from suspecting their intimacy, that, by the persuasions of his lady, he invited the Captain to pass the summer months at his country house in T—se. The usual summons was no sooner given than obeyed. The parks, the gardens, the arbours of Balg—ie were inviting scenes to lovers. Their privacy and retirement brought to their minds the idea of Paradise.

In this elisium they found frequent opportunities of being alone without exciting the jealousy of Sc—t? but they were not equally lucky with respect to his domesticks. An Argus-eyed house-keeper, who used to be sole mistress of the house, and did not relish the resignation of her authority, perceived their familiarity, and gave the hint to her master. Accordingly he began to watch their conduct, and finding that they whispered too often, and that he was too assiduous at her toilette, he called the Captain one day aside, and said, Captain, My regiment has been for a long time in America. The lieutenant Colonel is absent as well as the major; and I have not seen it for a series of years. Yet it is a duty incumbent on me to keep it in good condition. You may easily see that it is very inconvenient for me to take such a long voyage at the present juncture. You are disengaged. I would therefore esteem it a favour, if you would go, and report to me its present state.

Struck with conscious guilt the Captain immediately perceived that this was a sentence of banishment, and said that he would take the matter into consideration; but instead of examining the merits of the case flew directly to Lady Mary, who was in despair at the news. Impatient of a separation from her paramour she proposed an immediate elopement. He was too gallant, and had proceeded too far to retire. Accordingly his servant engaged at the next town a carriage to convey them to the ferry at Kinghorn. The general had company that night, and after drinking pretty freely and seeing his guests gone, went to bed about twelve. The lady begged to be indulged with an hour or two to herself, as she intended to write some letters that were to be sent by the Captain, who, she understood, was going to leave them, promising at the same time to follow her husband with all speed. About four in the morning she got with her lover into the tim-whisky, which waited at the garden wall. Off they rode, the Captain driving Jehu-like, and listening every moment whether he could hear any body at his heels. Twice was the chaise overturned, twice was Lady Mary remounted. What though she lost in the first jostle her capuchin, and in the second her cloak? When a lover is in the question, these are objects of no moment. Fearless as

a lioness, and protesting she had sustained no damage, she pursued her rout, and arrived at the ferry about seven in the morning. An immediate passage was procured. They arrived at Edinburgh about nine, and set out immediately for London in a postchaise and two.

Now let us turn our eyes to the enchanted castle, whence our knight-errant had rescued the afflicted fair. About nine o'clock the giant having snored his fill, and slept out his debauch, began to stretch his limbs, and to grope for his bedfellow. Finding her not as usual within the reach of his arms, he rubbed his eyes, and employed them in looking out for her in the room. But the bird was flown. He rung the bell. The maid appeared. Where is your mistress? I cannot tell; I thought she had been abed. Go and look out for her. She obeyed, but nobody could discover the place of her retreat. The parks, the gardens, and the arbours were searched; but neither in arbour, nor garden, nor park was she. In this moment of doubt and suspense the house-keeper entered, and sagaciously said, suppose you examine Captain Suther—d's bed-chamber. Whether it was that my lady found the leather of your honour's camp-bed too hard for her tender limbs to repose on I cannot say; but I have frequently seen her leave your honour fast in the arms of sleep, and go to refresh herself upon the Captain's softer couch. Have you so, you old beldame? Why then did you not tell me the secret? I was afraid of creating disturbance in the family. The general immediately took the hint, and imagining that they had over-slept themselves bolted into the room; but it was desolate. Neither the Lady, nor the Captain, nor his servant were to be found.

No farther key to the mystery was wanting. The husband immediately took horse, crossed the ferry, and, like a prudent general, held a council of war with Ilay Camp—I, the lawyer, what was to be done. The result was that the enemy was to be pursued. As the fugitives had only a post-chaise and pair, the general and his two seconds Ilay Camp—I and another worthy limb of the law, whom he had to bridle his passions, and to keep him to the windward of the law, took the road with a post-chaise and four. Hearing of the chase at every stage, and finding that they gained ground, they rode on with unre-mitted ardour, till they came about twelve at night to Barnet; the general having in fifty hours completed a march of four hundred miles. Here contrary to all expectation they understood that they had come up with the enemy. The lady being quite spent with fatigue, and perhaps eager to indulge herself a few moments in the arms of her Captain could not hold out, for one hour more till she reached London, where she might have mocked

mocked all search. Their first care was to seize the baggage, and their next to secure the servant. He disclosed all he knew, and among other particulars informed them that he was to call them up at five. Improving upon this hint they knocked gently at the door. The Captain got up, and cautiously opening it, saw the General with his left elbow pressed against it, and a pistol in his right-hand. He directly thrust back, and bolted the door; the lawyers, either because they were afraid of their own persons, or because they dreaded bloodshed, having stood neuter.

What now could the Captain do? It was shameful to give up the prize, which he had so gallantly carried off, and to leave a lady under his protection to her insulting foes. Yet the enemy was bursting open the gate, and he was unarmed. Lady Mary would not go to sleep, till he had unloaded his pistols. In this dilemma he wisely recollected the distich of Hudibras,

— He that runs away
May live to fight another day.

Accordingly he decamped, and made his escape out of the window, leaving behind him, like another great captain, Marshal Broglio, his breeches. As the former was hence called *Le Marechal aux culotes*, the latter is now called *Le Capitaine aux culotes*. He did not, however, like Marius, hide himself up to the neck in a marsh. He got upon the top of a hay-stack, and there lay covered till the next evening, when he dismounted and reclaimed his clothes.

As he had suspected, the post was not tenable. The door was forced, and the General at the head of his army, which was now increased by the accession of the people of the inn, entered. Far, however, from behaving rudely to the forsaken nymph, he observed the humane maxims of European war, and said, *Lie still, Lady Mary; you have come a great way, and must be fatigued; lie still and take your rest, I am heartily sorry for your misfortune. I will send your two uncles Captain B—— and Counsellor L——, to take care of you, and to conduct you back to your unhappy father.*

After these words he seized upon the spoils of Prince Prettyman, and found that they contained about an hundred pounds in cash and notes. But what chiefly attracted his attention was the family gold repeating watch which he had given Lady Mary. *This trinket, gentlemen, said he to Jlay C—— and the rest, I reclaim before you, not so much for its value, as for the unworthy use to which it has been put, having been given to the most ungrateful of men.*

In the morning he waited on Lord M—— at Cane-wood, to concert the proper measures for a divorce, which must soon ensue, as the circumstances are so very clear against the lady. His next step was to call upon Ross, the agent for the regiment. How does Captain S's account stand, Mr. Ross? As usual, General; the poor devil always eats his corn in the blade. You must desire him to sell out, Mr. Ross. He has taken a step by which he has justly forfeited all claim to my protection. I need not inform you of the particulars; you will soon learn them from all the world. Such are the consequences of yoking unequal ages! They will never draw together.

From the whole we may learn one useful lesson, that a person well stricken in years should never make a young friend of a different sex the companion of his young spouse. Uniform experience confirms, that nine times in ten he will prove the viper in the fable, and sting his benefactor.

ADVICE to the FAIR.

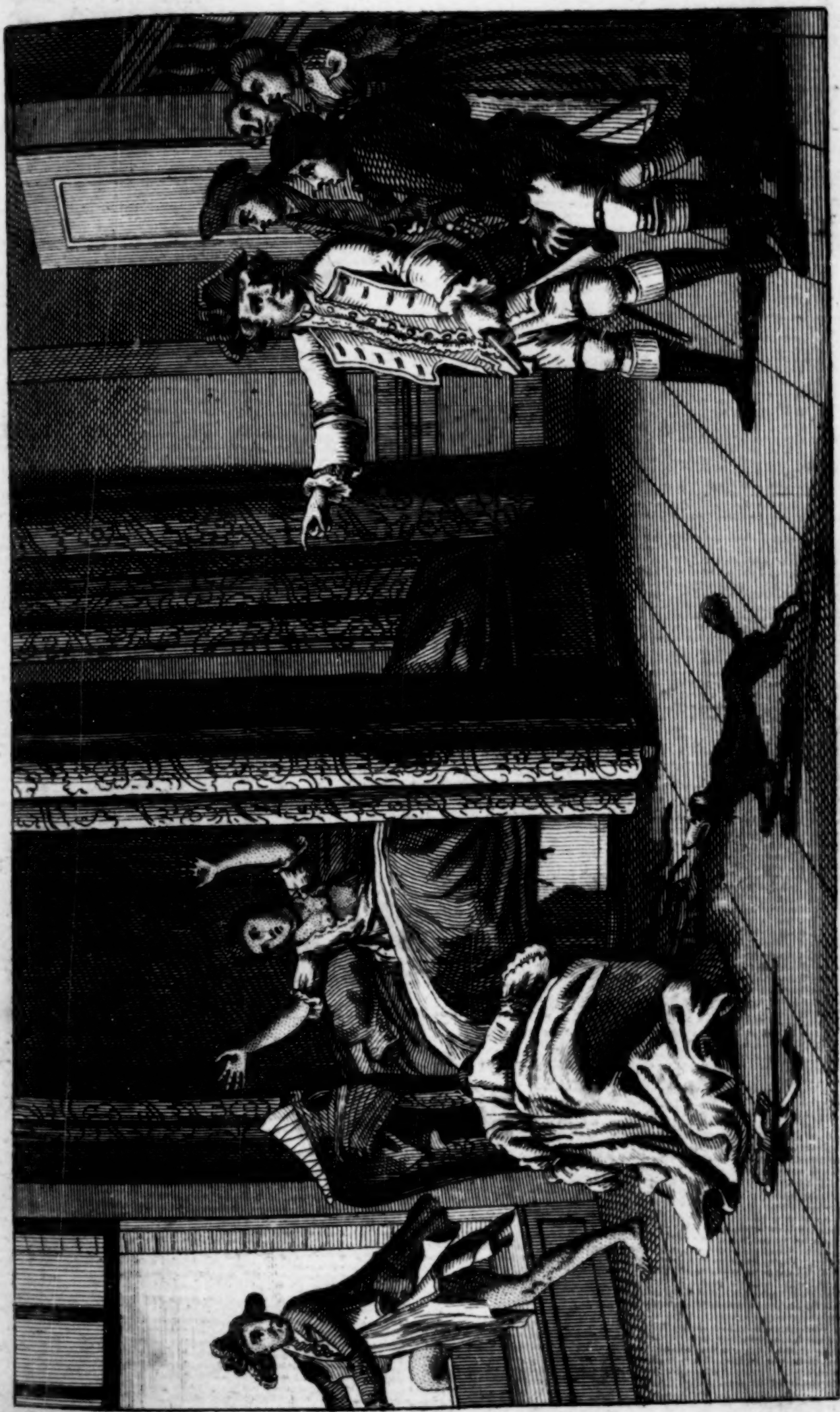
SURE no maiden like Chloe was blest,
Till her passions tumultuous arose;
Far more white than the lilly her breast,
And her cheeks were more sweet than the rose:

Beneath the green oak she would sing,
And so merrily sport through the day,
That each swain was as great as a king,
If the nymph would permit him to stay.

Now her charms are forgotten and past
And neglected she sighs all alone;
For the shepherds, when seen, are in haste,
And refuse to give ear to her moan.
Then let Virtue, ye fair, be your guide,
Learn from Chloe to shun her sad fate,
Or the nymph, who would fain be a bride,
May be wise—when, alas, 'tis too late.

N. E.

THE



A late Scene at BARNET.



THE BRITISH THEATRE.

THE following letters contain so much justice, that we cannot possibly refuse them a place in this department of our Magazine.

To the AUTHOR of the BRITISH THEATRE.

S I R,

AS you frequently oblige your readers with strictures on pieces, no less ineligible from their dullness, than exceptionable from their indecency, will you have the goodness to tell me, what can have so long preserved that most impeachable of compositions, The Provoked Wife, from a disagreeable oblivion? Perhaps you will say, nothing but Mr. Garrick's performance of the capital character; but is it not paying an extravagant price for our amusement? and the more especially, when there are numberless other parts for the exertion of his incomparable powers.

It is with the drama as with human nature; we seldom meet with any thing so depraved, but it has one agreeable feature, except in this single instance, where the whole groupe is so completely odious, that it is difficult to determine which merits the largest portion of disapprobation.

Sir John Brute is so great a brute, that we do not feel a ray of compassion for him, though we behold him on the point of being dishonoured by his wife; and Lady Brute is so worthless a woman, that we are unable to wish her a better husband. Constant is such a wretch, that we are shocked he passes unpunished; and Heartfree so licentious in his conversation, that we should be sorry to find Belinda a more delicate lady than the author has thought proper to paint her. Lady Fanciful is too absurd to amuse, and too ridiculous to excite our indignation. Mademoiselle and Razor are very well for people in their situations, if it was not for the consequence in which they are held in their several families. However it would have been strange, if families, such as Lady Fanciful's and Sir John's, had been better regulated, than for the ribaldry of a bold footman and a pert chambermaid to be received for sterling

Oct. 1771.

wit, by the one or the other. In a word, so far from having a single pretension to merit, the plot, language, sentiment, and manners, are such as should make it be abhorred by the women, and execrated by the men; and I can only lament that Mr. Garrick, who has so much of reformation in his power, and possesses so large a share of refinement, will not *compel* us to be rational, by preparing such entertainments for us only, as we can be spectators of without a blush; and that, on a retrospect, will prove no impeachment of our taste, or our principles.

I am, sir, your humble servant,
HONORARY.

To the AUTHOR, &c.

ALLOW me, as one of our theatres have opened with the BEGGAR'S OPERA, to enter a little into the merits of that celebrated composition, which, on its original representation, ran sixty-three nights, and has at several succeeding periods been a rival performance at the rival houses; not to mention its establishment as a stock piece, in all probability to the dissolution of our stage.

We seem to forget in our theatrical amusements, that something *more* is necessary, than *wit*, *vivacity*, or even well-drawn characters. The stage has always been called *the school of morality*; consequently the piece that is destitute of a moral, is destitute of the chief excellence required in dramatic literature. It is not the flattering our passions, or gratifying our piques; it is not soothing our ear, or captivating our imaginations, that constitutes the essentials of a good play: our hearts must be amended by the laudable, or they must be inevitably tainted by the false principles on which the author proceeds: the colours in which he has dipped his pencil must be carefully examined; vice must be stripped of all her customary attractions; and nothing but virtue held forth in an amiable view to the public.

I am very sensible, sir, that on this occasion I am travelling a beaten road, but if it is a *necessary* one, as leading to conviction, I think it can never be travelled too frequently; for if my

R r r

memory

memory does not deceive me, I have seen Queen Caroline's opinion of the *BEGGAR'S OPERA* in print, which pronounces it one of the most extraordinary and immoral compositions that ever disgraced a theatre. Our pulpits too have justly remarked, that the hero is a highwayman of the most abandoned principles, who engages in scenes of seduction and profligacy wholly unfit for representation; yet, for the sake of a fortunate catastrophe, is spared the due punishment of a halter. A young woman, the heroine of the piece, is given as a really deserving creature, though bred in the very bosom of infamy; yet, deserving as she is painted, she rejoices in sharing the fate of a despicable villain, whose bosom no spark of gratitude or remorse ever visited, and who has not even courage enough to meet his fate, till he acquires a little seeming fortitude from brandy.

Now, however amiable the matrimonial attachment is, and however meritorious it may be for the wife to stand firm in the hour of affliction, to soften the evils she is unable to avert from the head of him she loves; there are certain circumstances that change the *name* as well as *nature* of this attachment, and convert merit into reproach. Turpitude of the most flagrant species cannot be sanctified by any tie, nor is there a woman of honour but ought to separate the villain from the husband.

Besides, it must be recollected, in the case of Polly, that it is not a husband fallen into vices after marriage that she is attached to; her *lover* was exactly the same contemptible rascal, the same unprincipled vagabond as her *husband*; nay, his very infamy gave him charms in her imagination; his villainies on the road she considered as meritorious; and when she has united herself to a common thief, we find her seeking consolation in romance, where *none of the great heroes are ever false in love*.

Throughout her whole character it is apparent she has not the smallest abhorrence of his crimes; she only trembles for the consequence. She even participates in the plunder, and is nevertheless complimented with principle.

The husband too, contrary to the humour of most husbands, has neither alarms nor delicacies on her account:—he knows the company to which she is exposed at home, and he seems perfectly ready to introduce her to the same licentious scenes we behold him engaged in:—villains themselves are vulnerable where the marriage-bed is concerned, and feel for the honour of a wife, though wholly dead to all solicitude for their own reputation.

The songs, though many of them are perhaps the most happily conceived, and the most happily executed of any in the drama, are in general too indelicate for a *polite*, how then must they fall on a decent ear? instead of disapprobation, they nevertheless are continually received with the warmest applause; and it is no uncouth thing even for that air of Lucy's of

“When young at the bar, &c.”

to be *encored*, though I affirm it to be calculated merely for the brothel, and ought either to be wholly omitted, or well pruned of its licentious exuberances.

Such, sir, I must confess are my sentiments of the *Beggar's Opera*—and in answer to all these just objections, we are told it abounds with wit; that it teems with satire, and contains numberless proofs of a genius highly honourable to the author. I subscribe to the truth of every syllable mentioned in this encomium; but, at the same time, I affirm, it becomes doubly reprehensible on this account; if wit is employed for the purpose of corrupting the mind; if satire is exercised to lessen the deformity of vice; and if genius is directed to the destruction of society, then wit, satire, and genius, become dangerous, in proportion as they render us enamoured of what we should despise, and the possessor is criminal, in the same proportion, for destroying, as he has power to improve the principles of the public. In this persuasion I am resolute enough to condemn the *Beggar's Opera*, and call upon the Author of the *British Theatre* to publish the sentiments of

THE BENEVOLENT SOCIETY.

THE two following letters so justly merit the compliment of an early insertion, that we shall make no apology for giving them to our readers. We have not however forgot, that we are greatly in arrears with respect to the immediate concerns of the society; but we hope to acquit ourselves to the satisfaction of our friends and correspondents at some future period, however we may seem to trespass on their indulgence in the present instance.

To the BENEVOLENT SOCIETY.

LADIES,

AS your society seems calculated to point out at least, if not reform, the reigning follies of the age; give me leave to present you with a species that has hitherto escaped your observation; notwithstanding it is one of the most pernicious and fatal in its consequences, in the whole catalogue of human frailties.

A man of understanding, and perfectly acquainted with his own confined circumstances, one would naturally suppose incapable of drawing his beloved offspring out to a thousand mortifications and distresses, from which a judicious education would infallibly secure them. But no: his son shall fall a sacrifice to the most wrong-headed ambition; and, though a beggar in his fortune, be rendered a gentleman in his employment. The church, the law, the army, are consequently the eminences he has in view: and having strained hard, by books and connexions, to awaken sensibilities in the breast of the unhappy youth, that can exist only to torment him, he leaves him starving to read or write in the two first professions, with what appetite or success he may; to strut a wretched despicable coxcomb in the last.

But this is not all. His mind engaged, his ideas unspeakably refined, the most hacknied road to advancement is utterly shut against him—I mean recommending himself the matrimonial way.

Could such a man descend to solicit a high-born female to unite herself with his humble fate? Could such a

man support the clamour of her haughty relations, or enjoy that affluence neither his birth nor industry give him claim to? Assuredly no. Coldly regarded by that part of the world, that is alone suited to his taste, he endeavours to form a world to himself, resolves that elegant authors shall supply to him the want of elegant conversation, and his little chamber prove at once his kingdom and asylum.

But, alas! this resolution flatters only to deceive: he is obliged to encounter the brow-beatings of the over-bearing, and the fatigues that reach beyond the body, to procure his daily bread; those moments that were to have been given to relaxation, are moments of the bitterest reflections: and his apartment, instead of a comfortable hiding-place, soon becomes, by some little deficiencies, in an essential point to his landlord, a source of fresh calamities; whilst each shallow fellow of his acquaintance, though dead to every other sense of propriety, can see and lament that so worthy a lad, by the folly of his father, should languish out that existence as a gentleman, which would have been an honour to the public, and highly advantageous to himself in any other character.

Such, ladies, is the fate of the ingenuous, the modest, the well-educated poor man; who can perish, but cannot be mean; can suffer, yet disdains complaint; and though conscious of what he ought to be, is unable to conform to stern necessity.

But there is still another sort of being, that by the absurdity of its parent is rendered truly contemptible; and however ruined for a mechanic, can never come under the denomination of a gentleman—the first-born booby of an illiterate trader. Nothing less than a scholar can satisfy a father of this cast, notwithstanding the boy's capacity shall in all probability be an hereditary one. He can calculate but not decline; yet language, instead of figures, is the thing he is destined to beat his brains about. The pedagogue labours to gratify the weak desires of his pupil's family; but the

utmost he can teach him is to be confident and pedantic, idle and despicable. He disgusts his friends, diverts his enemies, and adores himself. He is infinitely above engaging in any employment beneath the dignity of his education, though reduced at the same time to the meanest of artifices to procure himself a dinner. He borrows without either prospect or intention to repay, and grasps the donations of charity without a single pang; justice, delicacy, and gratitude, being equally unknown to him: and so pliant is his dirty soul, that the very motives which induced him to be servile to-day would render him insolent to-morrow.

With the softer sex the effects of a wrong education are still more dreadful. If a lovely person alone is sufficient to engage vice and cruelty in a vigorous pursuit, what think you of the inexpressible triumph of vanquishing an accomplished mind? Women are by nature timid and credulous; the men daring and specious—What infinite resolution is requisite for the young and unfortunate to resist the flattery, the temptations of affluence, and calmly embrace the horrors and miseries of poverty!—notwithstanding their election wholly depends on their seeing things through a true or false medium—the most contracted circumstances, with humility and virtue, are not only happy but enviable; and what felicity or enjoyment can dwell with conscious guilt? Do not, good ladies, permit this improper, this cruel conduct of parents to pass uncensured: Call upon them to remember, that as the twig is bent the tree will be inclined; and assure them that by a due attention to this important particular, the gallows and the stew would be disappointed of their prey, society delivered from its greatest pest, and the most deserving natures saved from the acutest sufferings.

I am, &c. PHILANTHROPIST.

To the BENEVOLENT SOCIETY.

LADIES,

THERE is not a more sterling jest in the whole masculine catalogue, than the violence of the *widow's* grief, and its early termination. What changes have not been rung upon the subject; the head and the heart of us daughters of the creation most mi-

serably arraigned---a defect in the one, and a corruption of the other, the undoubted causes of such instability and absurdity. I would however gladly be informed if mankind never condescend to play the same inconsistent part, or has an instance reached my knowledge that is an exception to all rule? for it is certain, that if the *wiser* sex are subject to the frailties of humanity, they have too much wisdom to *record* them, though the satiric page bears everlasting testimony to all our foibles. A young fellow, of an agreeable figure and *reputed* understanding, was, not many years ago, most passionately attached to an amiable girl. Her mind, her accomplishments, her fame, were elegant and fair as her form: but, as her father had not thought proper to marry her mother till some time after she was brought into existence, the *outrageously* virtuous family, to which our lover belonged, were shocked at every idea of so *contaminating* an alliance. But when does opposition, even upon justifiable principles, interrupt connexions of this nature? the more his family idly exclaimed, he only became so much the more sensible of the lady's perfections, and their prejudices; for as all that they had to urge against her, reason itself condemned, was it possible that love should subscribe to their arguments? His father, reduced by a violent illness to a very dangerous condition, sent for him to his bed-side---I have Charles, said he, made a provision for you equal to every expectation I have taught you to form---thirty-thousand pounds now stand in your name on my will; but it is my resolution to exclude you from every shilling by a timely codicil, unless you solemnly promise me, never to bring disgrace upon your relations; Miss Sidney must not be your wife. A very interesting scene ensued---the son pleaded the cause of his heart, and professed his nice sense of filial obedience with equal eloquence, but pleaded in vain; his refusing to renounce the lady deprived him of his fortune, and a small estate was all he could then invite her to participate.

Never, never did he regret the sacrifice he had made. Oeconomy supplied

plied every pecuniary deficiency, and the tender friendship of the woman of his choice gave smiling peace to all around. For seven years it was all elysian---her unremitting good humour, and undiminished charms, preserved that rather uncommon union of heart and hand. But they were too happy for it to continue; a malignant fever first deprived her of her reason, and in a short time after of her life. The husband was frantic: not the light of heaven was ever again to visit his eyes; and as for the four beautiful children, who had now a double claim to his care and tenderness, they were conveyed out of the house, because from their great resemblance of their mother, it was impossible he could behold them. In this abyss of sorrow did he continue plunged over head and ears for nine long days; on the tenth however he began to appear somewhat composed, on the eleventh received a visit or two from a friend; on the twelfth was prevailed on to take the air in Hyde Park, and, in a word, before three months were expired, was actually married to another woman.

The second wife brought him a handsome fortune, but, contrary to the custom of fine ladies in general, insisted on having the management of his children. The sweet infants were therefore brought back to the paternal roof, but instead of the tenderness they had before experienced, they met with little else than harshness and severity. One did not hold up its head properly; a second had too florid a complexion; a third had not an agreeable voice, and the fourth had the misfortune of having weak eyes. The punishments inflicted on them were however but ill calculated to cure their defects. They grew worse instead of better, and were at length but seldom called for, or seldom allowed to quit the nursery. A new family by degrees succeeded---room must be made for them---one child therefore was placed here, another there, until neglect, ill usage, or natural delicacy of constitution, consigned them all to the grave; and their father, who would have expired at the very mention of his Sophia's name, during the first twelve days of his survivorship, with a philo-

sophy truly exemplary attended at church, to give directions for the enlarging the vault, for the reception of all he held dear, without even a single sigh to her memory. This, ladies, is an absolute fact; though I do not think myself at liberty to mention names; may I not then ask your severe censurers of female instability, if this instance is not at least equal to whatever they have met with in woman? The sex has nothing to do with impropriety or inconstancy; it is the mind alone that constitutes the one or the other. Partiality and prejudice are things I can have no idea of, and I would, on this occasion, recommend the same love of justice, and the same ingenuousness to my contemporaries in general.

A little hint or two on the subject from the society might be salutary, and would much oblige their constant reader, and frequent correspondent,

FLAVIA.

To the BENEVOLENT SOCIETY.

I cannot help thinking, ladies, that you might not only greatly amuse, but be greatly useful to the public, if you would favour them with little extracts from the French and Italian language, with rules for translating each of them. I well know that without a master, nay, without much practice, the conversation part cannot be obtained; but it would surely be very pleasing, at a time when a knowledge of the French and Italian is considered as an accomplishment, to have a key to them in one's possession for translating them at will. If what I now ask should be either inconsistent with your plan, or a breach of that regard one part of society ought to have for the *profession* of another, I most heartily beg your pardon; but, in my humble opinion, by giving the young and inquisitive mind a *smattering* of instruction in this respect, you would only promote the learning of languages in general; consequently, instead of doing injury to those who are compelled to derive a subsistence from their talents, you would render them a still more necessary part of the community than they have ever yet been found; and at the same time that you was obliging many of your readers, be an instrument of putting much money in their pockets.

I how-

I however leave my request to your own judicious determination, and confess, that whether that proves to be in my favour or disfavour, I shall always continue to be

Your very humble servant,
CURIOSE.

To the EDITOR of the LONDON MAGAZINE.

S I R,

IF you should think the following history deserving of a place in your Magazine, it is much at your service.

—The facts are authentic, the moral obvious, which I think is much more than can be said for most of our little essays: not that I would insinuate there is less merit in a well described tale, than in one that has truth for its foundation, as it is much less difficult to dress up, what we find ready at hand, than to totally manufacture our production; but with respect to deficiency of moral, I do think there can be no excuse offered, as the whole business of writing ought to be to please or instruct; the whole purport of reading to answer one or other of those ends.

An accomplished but unfortunate woman, the daughter of a widow of a clergyman being reduced to the necessity of carking and caring for a livelihood, fixed upon the method of letting out lodgings; a method, that, as her friends were numerous, her address engaging, her management sensible, and her character unimpeachable, seemed to promise her a decent provision.

She would nevertheless, had her own inclinations alone determined her, have preferred a more private scheme tho' a less advantageous—but a lovely little girl was dependent on her for support as well as protection; and to have been separated from her, would have proved a severer stroke than even death itself. Mrs. Crosby (for that was the name of this lady) had had a very uncommon education for a female: languages and sciences were equally familiar to her. And as she early perceived that her daughter inherited at once her enquiring spirit and her capacity; she would amuse herself in her leisure hours with gratifying the one, and cultivating the other. Emma received each succeeding lesson with increased avidity: she loved the precepts for the

teacher's sake; and provided she could but intitle herself to a look of approbation, was delighted; but if her mother condescended to articulate her feelings, it was absolute rapture.

Whilst her mind was thus forming, her person became daily more and more lovely. Innocence sparkled in her eye, and beauty glowed on her cheek; nor was the hour yet come for her mother to tremble for the consequence.

But who shall set limits to their tranquillity, or say how long they shall be secure?—Mrs. Crosby's friends were all, most unexpectedly, lost to her—some were called abroad, others were married in different parts of England, and many paid the debt of nature.—Emma was now almost fifteen, and her mother began, for the first time, to be sensible, that what had made her most dear to her heart, would destroy her in the opinion of the little-minded; youth, beauty, and ingenuousness. Necessity has, however, no law: the circumstances, once on the decline, poverty soon appears in view—her habitation could no longer be occupied, her goods preserved, and she was glad to accept a governante's place for herself, which she was well qualified for, and the place of a companion to a married lady for her daughter.

Emma, with the cheerfulness of humility, entered on her new life.—The lady had good sense and generosity: she therefore rejoiced in the endowments of her young friend, and made a dependent state so easy to her, that it was hardly to be distinguished from the paternal roof.

Mr. Melmoth the husband had nevertheless no great reason to rejoice in her conduct—there was a great disparity in their ages, and he had married to gratify his father's wishes, not his own—the sweetness of Emma's temper, the strength of her understanding, and the perfections of her person had charms for him, that, tho' as a man of honour he diligently concealed, yet it was impossible to experience with tranquillity.

He would often resolve to spend the day from home, in order to avoid her conversation; but had not the resolution; and as frequently promised himself to make a confidante of his wife,

wife, that Emma might be removed, without the power of accomplishing it—Emma was still the idol of his heart, and the delight of his eyes; and as she artlessly employed every means of pleasing that she was possessed of in order to gain his favour, she fixed for a lover the man she only sought to fix her friend.

Mrs. Melmoth, whose constitution was rather delicate, was attacked by a slow fever, which in the end terminated in a consumption. Emma's assiduity, her tenderness served but the more to endear her with Mr. Melmoth, in so much that he at length determined, if he survived his wife, he would solicit her participation of his fortune.

Mrs. Melmoth, after a tedious illness, expired; and Mr. Melmoth having received her favourite at her hand, as his best and most important charge, rather earlier than forms admit, intreated her to unite herself to him for ever. His person was perfectly agreeable, his manners engaging, and his age not exceeding thirty: he moreover had an ample estate, and professed himself desirous to relieve her mother from her unpleasant situation. To live with her mother, to restore her to liberty, to peace, was an irresistible lure; but as Mr. Melmoth's uncle was then living, and near sixty thousand pounds at stake, it was necessary that their marriage should be kept secret during his life. Mrs. Crosby approved the plan—a thousand times blessed their common benefactor, attended her beloved child to the altar, and immediately afterwards retired with her into the country. A little cottage at the extremity of a village, contiguous to Mr. Melmoth's estate, received them; but, as if by the hand of an enchantress, it soon became a terrestrial paradise:—the bit of garden was parcelled out with the most elegant taste; the apartments were fitted up with the utmost exactness, and love and friendship were their constant guests.

A little family succeeded: the uncle had intelligence of the matter: but, as he was a man of the world, and believing the commerce illicit, he sat down perfectly satisfied.

Mrs. Crosby, at the expiration however of seven years, had some business that called her to London: Con-

scious of her own integrity, and with a breast alive to friendly emotions, she called upon one of her oldest acquaintance. The lady was a daughter of prosperity, and most outrageously virtuous. She received her not only with *bauteur*, but threw out some very cruel reflections on her conduct.

Madam, said Mrs. Crosby, wounded to the soul, I was not prepared for an indignity of this nature in my old age—I thought you had known me better than to suspect me of eating the bread of iniquity; but I am satisfied. I am not at liberty to speak—to God and time I nevertheless appeal, and can believe, that you will not rejoice at having insulted the woman, whose crime is merely that of being your inferior in circumstances. The lady was confounded; for there is a something infinitely commanding in virtue and integrity; and was beginning to *unbend* herself, but Mrs. Crosby rose, and telling her that she should never have entered her house, if she had suspected her sentiments, hastily retired; though not without letting fall some tears, which, she observed, were for herself, that she should have sustained so cruel a stroke, not regret for the loss of her friendship that was capable of giving it. The villagers, from the general tenor of Miss Crosby's conduct, learnt how to treat her properly: vice, they were convinced had never dwelt in so amiable a form, nor a want of chastity defaced a mind so abundantly replete with every moral, every social virtue. At length the period arrived that was to clear away the mysteries that hung about her; an express was brought to Mr. Melmoth, that his uncle was no more; in that hour or two of separation, which in the course of each day they were accustomed to experience; Nature, said he to the messenger, feels its shock, and irreverence for the memory of the deceased has no share in my proceedings; but I have in this village an unacknowledged, and a most amiable wife; she has submitted to the imputation of appearances for my sake, and I owe her all possible recompence: attend me therefore to her cot, and let us proclaim through the place, that it was in indulgence to the caprices of a relation I honoured that she was so long concealed, and that

that now every restraint is removed, I fly to convey her to the situation she is intitled to; my children too you shall behold them, and bear me witness whilst I bless them for the first time in my parental character: on what honest, on what prudential principles I have hitherto practised such severe self-denial as to hold them at a distance. The whole village was speedily assembled, the old people pointed them out as examples of virtue and prudence to their offspring, and the young ones bowed the head in token of their superiority. Open house would have been kept at the hall on the occasion, but that would have been to have revelled on the ashes of the dead: they therefore indulged themselves in a more liberal, though less noisy joy—not a poor family within numberless miles but tasted of their bounty, and Mrs. Crosby's bosom felt the exultation of virtue.

We may, sir, as I have already observed, if we please, pick a very useful lesson of instruction from this little and rather uncommon history. Appearances ought not to be the test of our judgment; for it frequently happens, that, where that is the case, we approve what we ought to condemn, and admire when we ought to despise. I am, sir,

Your humble servant,

CLEORA.

To the PRINTER, &c.

SIR,

5th Oct. 1771.

NO Man laments, more sincerely than I do, the unhappy differences, which have arisen among the friends of the people, and divided them from each other. The cause undoubtedly suffers, as well by the diminution of that strength, which union carries with it, as by the separate loss of personal reputation, which every man sustains, when his character and conduct are frequently held forth in odious or contemptible colours.—These differences are only advantageous to the common enemy of the country.—The hearty friends of the cause are provoked and disgusted.—The luke-warm advocate avails himself of any pretence to relapse into that indolent indifference about every thing that ought to interest an Englishman, so unjustly dignified with the title of

moderation.—The false, insidious partizan, who creates or foment the disorder, sees the fruit of his dishonest industry ripen beyond his hopes, and rejoices in the promise of a banquet, only delicious to such an appetite as his own.—It is time for those, who really mean the cause and the People, who have no view to private advantage, and who have virtue enough to prefer the general good of the community to the gratification of personal animosities, it is time for such men to interpose.—Let us try whether these fatal dissensions may not yet be reconciled; or, if that be impracticable, let us guard at least against the worst effects of division, and endeavour to persuade these furious partisans, if they will not consent to draw together, to be separately useful to that cause, which they all pretend to be attached to.—Honour and honesty must not be renounced, although a thousand modes of right and wrong were to occupy the degrees of morality between Zeno and Epicurus. The fundamental principles of christianity may still be preserved, tho' every zealous sectary adheres to his own exclusive doctrine, and pious ecclesiastics make it part of their religion to persecute one another.—The civil constitution too, that legal liberty, that general creed, which every Englishman professes, may still be supported, tho' Wilkes and Horne, and Townsend and Sawbridge, should obstinately refuse to communicate, and even if the fathers of the church, if Sevil, Richmond, Camden, Rockingham, and Chatham, should disagree in the ceremonies of their political worship, and even in the interpretation of twenty texts in *Magna Carta*.—I speak to the people, as one of the people.—Let us employ these men in whatever departments their various abilities are best suited to, and as much to the advantage of the common cause, as their different inclinations will permit. They cannot serve us, without essentially serving themselves.

If Mr. Nash be elected, he will hardly venture, after so recent a mark of the personal esteem of his fellow-citizens, to declare himself immediately courtier. The spirit and activity of the sheriffs will, I hope, be sufficient to counteract any sinister intentions

the lord mayor. In collision with *their* virtue, perhaps he may take fire.

It is not necessary to exact from Mr. Wilkes the virtues of a stoic. *They* were inconsistent with themselves, who, almost at the same moment, represented him as the basest of mankind, yet seemed to expect from him such instances of fortitude and self-denial, as would do honour to an apostle. It is not however flattery to say, that he is obstinate, intrepid, and fertile in expedients.—That he has no possible resource, but in the public favour, is in *my* judgement, a considerable recommendation of him. I wish that every man, who pretended to popularity, were in the same predicament. I wish that a retreat to St. James's were not so easy and open, as patriots have found it. To Mr. Wilkes there is no access. The favour of his country constitutes the shield which defends him against a thousand daggers.—Desertion would disarm him. However he may be misled by passion or imprudence, I think he cannot be guilty of a deliberate treachery to the public.

I can more readily admire the liberal spirit and integrity, than the sound judgment of any man, who prefers a *republican* form of government, in this, or any other empire of equal extent, to a monarchy so qualified and limited as ours. I am convinced that neither is it in theory the wisest system of government, nor practicable in this country. Yet, though I hope the English constitution will for ever preserve its original monarchical *form*, I would have the manners of the people purely and strictly *republican*.—I do not mean the licentious spirit of anarchy and riot.—I mean a general attachment to the *common-weal*, distinct from any partial attachment to persons or families;—an implicit submission to the laws only, and an affection to the magistrate, proportioned to the integrity and wisdom, with which he distributes justice to his people, and administers their affairs. The present habit of our political body appears to me the very reverse of what it ought to be. The *form* of the constitution leans rather more than enough to the popular branch; while, in effect, the manners of the people, (of those at least, who are likely to take a lead in the

Oct. 1771.

country) incline too generally to a dependance upon the crown. The real friends of arbitrary power combine the facts, and are not inconsistent with their principles, when they strenuously support the unwarrantable privileges assumed in the House of Commons.—In these circumstances, it were much to be desired that we had many such men as Mr. Sawbridge to represent us in parliament.—I speak from common report and opinion only, when I impute to him a speculative predilection in favour of a republic.—In the personal conduct and manners of the man, I cannot be mistaken. He has shewn himself possessed of that republican firmness, which the times require, and by which an English gentleman may be as usefully and as honourably distinguished, as any citizen of ancient Rome, of Athens, or Lacedemon.

Mr. Townsend complains that the public gratitude has not been answerable to his deserts.—It is not difficult to trace the artifices which have suggested to him a language so unworthy of his understanding. A great man commands the affections of the people. A prudent man does not complain when he has lost them. Yet they are far from being lost to Mr. Townsend. He has treated our opinion a little too cavalierly. A young man is apt to rely too confidently upon himself, to be as attentive to his mistress, as a polite and passionate lover ought to be. Perhaps he found her at first too easy a conquest. Yet I fancy she will be ready to receive him whenever he thinks proper to renew his addresses to her. With all his youth, his spirit, and his appearance, it would be indecent in the lady to solicit his return.

I have too much respect for the abilities of Mr. Horne, to flatter myself that these gentlemen will ever be cordially re-united. It is not, however, unreasonable to expect, that each of them should act his separate part with honour and integrity to the public. As for differences of opinion upon speculative questions, if we wait until *they* are reconciled, the action of human affairs must be suspended for ever. But neither are we to look for perfection in any one man, nor for agreement among many. When Lord Chat-

S & S

ham

ham affirms, that the authority of the British legislature is not supreme over the colonies in the same sense, in which it is supreme over Great-Britain——when Lord Camden supposes a necessity (which the king is to judge of) and, founded upon that necessity, attributes to the crown a legal power (not given by the act itself) to suspend the operation of an act of the legislature—I listen to them both with diffidence and respect, but without the smallest degree of conviction or assent. Yet, I doubt not, they delivered their real sentiments, and they ought not to be hastily condemned. *I too* have a claim to the candid interpretation of my country, when I acknowledge an involuntary compulsive assent to one very unpopular opinion. I lament the unhappy necessity, whenever it arises, of providing for the safety of the state, by a temporary invasion of the personal liberty of the subject. Would to God it were practicable to reconcile these important objects, in every possible situation of public affairs. I regard the legal liberty of the meanest man in Britain as much as my own, and would defend it with the same zeal. I know we must stand or fall together. But I never can doubt, that the community has a right to command, as well as to purchase the service of its members. I see that right founded originally upon a necessity, which supercedes all agreement. I see it established by usage immemorial, and admitted by more than a tacit assent of the legislature. I conclude there is no remedy, in the nature of things, for the grievance complained of, for, if there were, it must long since have been redressed. Tho' numberless opportunities have presented themselves, highly favourable to public liberty, no successful attempt has ever been made for the relief of the subject in this article. Yet it has been felt and complained of, ever since England had a navy.—The conditions, which constitute this right, must be taken together. Separately, they have little weight. It is not fair to argue from any abuse in the execution to the illegality of the power; much less is a conclusion to be drawn from the navy to the land service. A seaman can never be employed, but against the enemies of his country. The only

case, in which the king can have a right to arm his subjects in general, is that of a foreign force being actually landed upon our coast. Whenever that case happens, no true Englishman will inquire, whether the king's right to compel him to defend his country be the custom of England, or a grant of the legislature. With regard to the press for seamen, it does not follow that the symptoms may not be softened, although the distemper cannot be cured. Let bounties be increased as far as the public purse can support them, still they have a limit; and when every reasonable expence is incurred, it will be found, in fact, that the spur of the press is wanted to give operation to the bounty.

Upon the whole, I never had a doubt about the strict right of pressing, until I heard that Lord Mansfield had applauded Lord Chatham for delivering something like this doctrine in the House of Lords. That consideration staggered me not a little. But, upon reflection, his conduct accounts naturally for itself. He knew the doctrine was unpopular, and was eager to fix it upon the man, who is the first object of his fear and detestation. The cunning Scotchman never speaks truth without a fraudulent design. In council, he generally affects to take a moderate part. Besides his natural timidity, it makes part of his political plan, never to be known to recommend violent measures. When the guards are called forth to murder their fellow-subjects, it is not by the ostensible advice of Lord Mansfield. That odious office, his prudence tells him, is better left to such men as Gower and Weymouth, and Barrington and Grafton. Lord Hillsborough wisely confines his firmness to the distant Americans.—The designs of Mansfield are more subtle, more effectual, and secure.—Who attacks the liberty of the press?—Lord Mansfield.—Who invades the constitutional power of juries?—Lord Mansfield.—What judge ever challenged a jurymen, but Lord Mansfield? Who was that judge, who, to save the king's brother, affirmed that a man of the first rank and quality, who obtains a verdict in a suit for criminal conversation, is intitled to no greater damages than the meanest mechanic?—Lord Mans-

Mansfield.——Who is it makes commissioners of the great seal?——Lord Mansfield.—Who is it forms a decree for these commissioners, deciding against Lord Chatham, and afterwards, (finding himself opposed by the judges) declares in parliament, that he never had a doubt that the law was in direct opposition to that decree? Lord Mansfield.—Who is he, that has made it the study and practice of his life to undermine and alter the whole system of jurisprudence in the court of King's Bench?—Lord Mansfield. There never existed a man but himself, who answered exactly to so complicated a description. Compared to these enormities, his original attachment to the pretender, (to whom his dearest brother was confidential secretary) is a virtue of the first magnitude. But the hour of impeachment will come, and neither he nor Grafton shall escape me. Now let them make common cause against England and the house of Hanover. A Stuart and a Murray should sympathise with each other.

When I refer to signal instances of unpopular opinions delivered and maintained by men, who may well be supposed to have no view but the public good, I do not mean to renew the discussion of such opinions. I should be sorry to revive the dormant questions of *stamp act*, *corn bill* or *press warrant*. I mean only to illustrate one useful proposition, which it is the intention of this paper to inculcate;—*That we should not generally reject the friendship or services of any man, because he differs from us in a particular opinion.* This will not appear a superfluous caution, if we observe the ordinary conduct of mankind. In public affairs, there is the least chance of a perfect concurrence of sentiment or inclination. Yet every man is able to contribute something to the common stock, and no man's contribution should be rejected. If individuals have no virtues, their vices may be of use to us. I care not with what principle the newborn patriot is animated, if the measures he supports are beneficial to the community. The nation is interested in his conduct. His motives are his own. The properties of a patriot are perishable in the individual, but there is a quick succession of subjects, and

the breed is worth preserving.—The spirit of the Americans may be a useful example to us. Our dogs and horses are only English upon English ground. But patriotism, it seems, may be improved by transplanting.—I will not reject a bill, which tends to confine parliamentary privilege within reasonable bounds, though it should be stolen from the house of Cavendish, and introduced by Mr. Onslow. The features of the infant are a proof of the descent, and vindicate the noble birth, from the baseness of the adoption.—I willingly accept of a sarcasm from Colonel Barre, or a simile from Mr. Brooke. Even the silent vote of Mr. Calcraft is worth reckoning in a division.——What though he riots in the plunder of the army, and has only determined to be a patriot, when he could not be a peer! Let us profit by the assistance of such men while they are with us, and place them, if it be possible, in the post of danger, to prevent desertion. The wary Wedderburne, the gentle Suffolk, never threw away the scabbard, nor ever went upon a forlorn hope. They always treated the king's servants as men, with whom, some time or other, they might possibly be in friendship.——When a man, who stands forth for the public, has gone that length, from whence there is no practicable retreat——when he has given that kind of personal offence, which a pious monarch never pardons, I then begin to think him in earnest, and that he never will have occasion to solicit the forgiveness of his country. But instances of a determination so intire and unreserved are rarely met with. Let us take mankind *as they are*. Let us distribute the virtues and abilities of individuals according to the offices they affect, and when they quit the service, let us endeavour to supply their places with better men than we have lost. In this country, there are always candidates enough for popular favour. The temple of fame is the shortest passage to riches and preferment.

Above all things let me guard my countrymen against the meanness and folly of accepting of a trifling or moderate compensation for extraordinary and essential injuries. Our enemies treat us as the cunning trader does the

unskilful Indian. They magnify their own generosity, when they give us bawbles, of little proportionate value, for ivory and gold. The same House of Commons, who robbed the constituent body of the right of free election, who presumed to *make* a law under pretence of *declaring* it, who paid our good king's debts without once inquiring how they were incurred, who gave thanks for repeated murders committed at home and for national infamy incurred abroad, who screened Lord Mansfield, who imprisoned the magistrates of the metropolis for asserting the subject's right to the protection of the laws, who erased a judicial record, and ordered all proceedings in a criminal suit to be suspended;—this very House of Commons have graciously consented that their own members may be compelled to pay their debts, and that contested elections shall for the future be determined with some decent regard to the merits of the case. The event of the suit is of no consequence to the crown. While parliaments are septennial, the purchase of the sitting member or of the petitioner makes but the difference of a day.—Concessions, such as these, are of little moment to the sum of things; unless it be to prove, that the worst of men are sensible of the injuries they have done us, and perhaps to demonstrate to us the imminent danger of our situation. In the shipwreck of the state, trifles float and are preserv'd; while every thing solid and valuable sinks to the bottom, and is lost for ever.

JUNIUS.

A Confutation of the Opinions of Woolaston and Hobbs concerning the Origin of Virtue.

Pleræque enim quæstiones, quæ ad vitam morisque pertinent, a virtutis fonte ducuntur.

CICERO

MR. Woolaston is of opinion that virtue consists in acting agreeably to true propositions, and vice in acting according to false propositions, or inconsistently with true ones. But here it might be asked in the first place, why are we obliged to conform our actions to truth? This cannot be accounted for without supposing that we have some moral principle in our natures distinct from the powers that

discover truth, which suggests to us our first notions of duty and obligation. Secondly, if this doctrine were true, it must follow that error and vice are the same thing; which is absurd. But it is easy to shew that bad actions may be vicious, even when they imply no false judgement, and that actions which do imply a false judgement are often virtuous. Thus a drunkard in his intervals of reason may know and be assured that his conduct will bring him to poverty and disgrace; but notwithstanding, his intemperance is as vicious, and even more so than it would be if he erroneously imagined that drunkenness would advance him to riches and honour. Thus when a charitable man gives an alms to one who has the appearance of a beggar, but is in reality a drunkard or a thief; his charity proceeds upon a false supposition, and consequently his action contradicts a true proposition, or at least is agreeable to a false one. But this action is certainly virtuous, if it proceeds from a real intention to relieve distress.

Hobbs's opinion is not only absurd but impious. He says that the ruling passion of mankind is a desire of self-preservation, and next to that the love of power; so that when a man has once secured his own safety, his next care is to make others subject to him. This love of power which he supposes to be uniform in all men, gives, he says, to all men an equal right to the same supremacy, and consequently to the means of attaining it. From this state of things, previous to the institution of civil government among men, perpetual contests would necessarily arise, to prevent which, he tells us, that men entered into a covenant with one another, agreeing to submit themselves to rules, and to regulate their actions according to the will of those rulers. Thus he makes virtue to consist in a conformity of our actions to the laws established by governors. But he had a reason for explaining virtue in this manner; for he was a great friend to the arbitrary power of kings, and wanted to shew that mankind are naturally the slaves of their governors, that no command of a governor can be unjust, and therefore that it can never be lawful for the people to oppose it. He doubtless expected a reward for this

this flattery; for he lived at a time, when such doctrines were extremely palatable to the governing powers. This design however was not the less detestable on account of its selfishness. The absurdity of this doctrine is evident. For it supposes a covenant entered into by men before the distinctions of virtue and vice were known, or even established; now it is impossible that men can enter into a covenant or even conceive what a covenant is, till they first have a notion that fidelity and veracity are incumbent upon them, and dishonesty and falshood criminal. Again, whence ariseth our obligation to conform our actions to the will of governors? If it ariseth from a sense of duty, then there must have been a sense of duty among men, previous to the institution of civil government; and it must arise either from this sense, or from the hope of reward, or the fear of punishment, that is, from a regard to the sanctions by which human laws are enforced. But it cannot arise from a regard to sanctions, otherwise all actions done in secret and not cognizable by laws are neither virtuous nor vicious; which is absurd and impious to assert.

Chiswick, Sept. 25. PHILOMATHES.

A very whimsical Anecdote of the late Duke of Newcastle.

AT the close of an election at Lewes, the late duke of Newcastle was so delighted with the conduct of a casting voter, that he almost *fell upon his neck and kissed him*. "My dear friend, I love you dearly! You are the greatest man in the world! I long to serve you! what can I do for you?" "May it please your grace, an exciseman of this town is very old. I would beg leave to succeed him as soon as he shall die." "Ay, that you shall with all my heart. I wish, for your sake, he were dead and buried now! As soon as he is, set out to me, my dear friend! be it night or day, insist upon seeing me sleeping or waking. If I am not at Claremont, come to Lincoln's-Inn Fields; if I am not at Lincoln's-Inn Fields, come to court; if I am not at court, never rest till you find me; not the *sanctum sanctorum*, or any place shall be kept sacred from such a dear, worthy, good soul as you are. Nay,

I'll give orders for you to be admitted, though the king and I were talking secrets together in the cabinet." The voter swallowed every thing with ecstasy; and, scraping down to the very ground, retired to wait in faith for the death of the exciseman. The former took his leave of this wicked world in the following winter. As soon as ever the duke's friend was apprized of it, he set off for London, and reached Lincoln's-Inn Fields by about two o'clock in the morning. The king of Spain had, about this time, been seized by a disorder, which some of the English had been induced to believe, from particular expresses, he could not possibly survive. Amongst these, the noble duke was the most credulous, and probably the most anxious. On the very first moment of receiving his intelligence, he had dispatched couriers to Madrid, who were commanded to return with unusual haste, as soon as ever the death of his catholick majesty should have been announced. Ignorant of the hour in which they might arrive, and impatient of the fate of every hour, the duke would not retire to his rest till he had given the strictest orders to his attendants, to send any person to his chamber who should desire an admittance. When the voter asked if he was at home, he was answered by the porter, "Yes; his grace has been in bed some time, but we were directed to awaken him as soon as ever you came." "Ah, God bless him! I know that the duke always told me I should be welcome by night or by day. Pray shew me up." The happy visitor was scarcely conducted to the door, when he rushed into the room, and, in the transport of his joy, cried out, "My lord, he is dead." "That is well, my dear friend; I am glad of it, with all my soul. When did he die?" "The morning before last, and please you grace." "What, so lately? Why, my worthy good creature, you must have flown. The lightening itself could not travel half so fast as you. Tell me, you best of men, how shall I reward you?" "All I wish for in this world is, that your grace would please to remember your kind promise, and appoint me to succeed him." "You, you blockhead! You king of Spain! What family pretensions can you have?

Let

Let us look at you." By this time the astonished duke threw back the curtains, and recollected the face of his electioneering friend; but it was seen with rage and disappointment. To have robbed him of his rest, might easily have been forgiven; but to have fed him with a groundless supposition that the king of Spain was dead, became a matter of resentment. He was, at first, dismissed with all the violence of anger and refusal. At length the victim of his passion became an object of his mirth; and, when he felt the ridicule that marked the incident, he raised the candidate for monarchy into a post, which, from the colour of the present times, may seem at least as honourable—he made him an excise-man.

To the Author of the Attempt to vindicate Mr. Farmer's Dissertation on Miracles.

S I R,

IF you assumed the name of Vindex, because you intended to repel what you deemed an *unjust* attack upon Mr. Farmer, you were mistaken; for no such attack was made. If you assumed it, because you meant to have taken revenge upon the writer, who made a *just* attack upon him, it was imprudent, for you have only exposed yourself without hurting your adversary.

You have attempted to answer the remarks of HYPERCRITICUS and the Review signed A, and you seem to think that they were both the productions of the same pen. But this conjecture is as groundless, as the attempt is useless. They were written by different persons, who did not see each other's observations till they were in print, and it is the general rectitude of the Review I mean only to defend, though there is I think much propriety in the other.

You would endeavour to persuade us, that you cannot see how the compliment paid to Mr. Farmer, and the account given of his work, can be consistent. But in this instance I cannot but think that you have really more sagacity, than you represent yourself to possess. And I rather apprehend, that you was only resolved to repeat the compliment for the sake of exalt-

ing the merit of your friend, though by the manner of doing it you should even sacrifice your own reputation. For I cannot believe you to be so ignorant as not to know, that a man may have *learning* without *knowledge*, and *reasoning* without *invention*. Nor can I conceive such a confusion in your ideas, as not to be able to discern, that a man may have better talents for ratiocination "than usually appear to be the portion of most modern divines, without his placing the argument for miracles in a clearer point of view than others have done." For will you affirm that the writings of most modern divines are *usually* confined to treatises on miracles?

You attempt next to persuade your readers, that the Reviewer had never read the work. Though if he had without reading it given such an account of it as he did, he must himself have been a worker of miracles. He read it to his cost, for he had no opportunity of perusing it without buying it.

Again, because he has made a little variation in the expression, you would make us believe, that he has misrepresented the meaning. You say Mr. F. has contradicted the opinion "of a natural inherent power in invisible beings of working miracles." He says, Mr. F. has denied, that "the Deity has delegated to them any such power." Unless then creatures can have any natural power which is not delegated to them by their Creator, the meaning of both expressions is exactly the same, and the critic's observation, that a great part of the work is employed to establish a very *un-important* position, remains in full force. For whether the Deity has *delegated* to them such a power, or *occasionally* uses them as *instruments* in the working of miracles, is totally immaterial. They are in both cases equally the effects of God's power, and can be performed only in such manner as is consistent with the divine attributes of wisdom and goodness.

So much for the IMPORTANCE of a principal part of the work. We come now to consider the NOVELTY of the opinions.

As an apology for Mr. F's not mentioning a work which has so many opinions the same as his own, you

deny, that Le Moin has treated upon most of the points in which Mr. F. differs from the common herd of writers; but you have not favoured us with a single specimen. You do however unskillfully endeavour to support your assertion, by giving an instance diametrically opposite to it, viz of Mr. Le Moin's deviating from the common herd of writers, and Mr. Farmer's persisting notwithstanding in a vulgar error. And when Mr. F. was accused of want of candour for not referring to Le Moin's treatise if he knew of it, you confirm the imputation, showing us that he did know of it by his having laboured hard to refute a definition contained in it. There wanted nothing to compleat the exhibition of your abilities for the defence of Mr. F. than that you should have observed, as you justly might, that he adopted a worse definition in its room.

You attempt again to excuse him by saying, that "as he refers to Bishop Fleetwood there was no occasion to refer to Le Moin, because their general view of the subject is the same, and the latter is a less original, and less celebrated writer, who instead of cultivating and clearing the subject has clogged it with INSUPERABLE DIFFICULTIES." Here I know not which to pity most, the man who could endeavour to frame an excuse out of positions so groundless, or the man for whom such an excuse was made. For first, Bishop Fleetwood's and Mr. Le Moin's views of the subject are so far from being the same, that even Mr. Farmer's and the Bishop's have more resemblance to each other, though these are not so similar as Mr. Farmer's and Le Moin's. Secondly, The Bishop is a much less original writer, and has treated much less fully upon this subject than Le Moin, though indeed he is for that very reason much more celebrated. For it is a melancholy truth, that in almost every branch of literature, the most original writers are least celebrated. An injury which the Monthly Reviewers have taken great pains to do to the republic of letters.

Being liable to fall into contradictions yourself, as is evident from your supposing in your last paragraph, that Mr. Farmer has cleared a subject,

which you say was clogged with insuperable difficulties, in this, you imagine the critic has done the same. For you think Le Moin could not have any judgment, if a treatise on Miracles be still wanted, and that the objections hitherto advanced by infidels cannot have been answered, if a new definition of a miracle be still necessary. From whence it is manifest, (if you be really as dull in apprehension as you declare yourself to be) that you cannot conceive, that a work may be for the most part judicious, if every position in it be not so, and that the objections which have been hitherto urged by infidels cannot have been answered, if those which have not been urged, have not likewise been refuted.

Your last paragraph is so destitute of candour, that I am sure it must give pain to a man of Mr. Farmer's liberal sentiments, to see a writer endeavouring to defend him, by doing such injustice to another. You first accuse the critic of misrepresentation without proving it, and then by a misrepresentation prove that you yourself deserve the accusation. For he having mentioned Mr. Farmer, as a minister of a dissenting congregation to point out the reason why he was so fulsomely flattered by the Monthly Reviewers, you insinuate, that the critic thinks "no faith, no rules of truth and candour, are to be observed with the ministers of dissenting congregations." Know, sir, that the critic detests such sentiments and such practices. There is not a man who professes himself a christian, there is not a man who declares himself an infidel, to whom he wishes not the full enjoyment and free investigation of his sentiments. He wishes actions only to be restrained, and all opinions whatever to be unconfined. Even the Monthly Reviewers would never have felt his lash, if, without endeavouring to do injustice to others, they had been content with doing justice to dissenters. He knows several ministers of dissenting congregations personally, and more by their writings, who would be ornaments to any church, and he laments that they cannot be members of his own. To Mr. Farmer, in particular, he is far from having any animosity; he respects his talents,

talents, though he censures his works; and whatever might be the occasion of Mr. F's. apparent want of candour in his treatment of Le Moin, he has heard of an instance of it which does honour to his heart. If Mr. F. is displeased with any observation the critic has made upon his work, it is to his friends the Monthly Reviewers he is indebted for it. Had not their BIGOTRY made them bespatter some with their illiberal abuse, it would not have been so necessary to have exposed them, when friendship induced them to dress out others in borrowed ornaments.

Your last sentence, it must be confessed, gives a just idea of your cunning, though it leaves us no favourable impression of your wisdom. For you promise, "that whenever any single person of reputation for learning and judgement, besides the Reviewer, and Hypercriticus, will declare, that he thinks Mr. Cooper's fourth dissertation a full refutation of Mr. Farmer's *enquiry into the nature and design of Christ's temptation*, that either Mr. F. or some other person shall return an answer to Mr. Cooper." This is evading a combat, and yet endeavouring to disguise your dread of it; this is giving a promise, and at the same time providing for evading the performance. If even you yourself thought Mr. F. defensible upon this point, why should you not as well oppose the critic upon this subject as upon miracles? Had you possessed as much prudence before you began your vindication, (as you call it) as you did in the conclusion of it, you would not have entered the lists on either occasion. For how can we ever in the one case challenge you to a performance of your promise, as you have not told us whose judgements are to fix the stamp upon a reputation which you will receive as genuine? As however it is your interest to suppose, that the Monthly Reviewers are the best judges of literary merit, ONE NOW DARES you and Mr. F. to a defence of his "Enquiry" &c. against Mr. C's objections, who has been by those critics more than once commended for his learning, ingenuity, and acuteness. And I here promise you, that Mr. Cooper or some other person shall ei-

ther refute your arguments, or acknowledge them to be unanswerable.

I am, Sir,

Your sincere well-wisher,
ARISTARCHUS.

To the EDITOR of the LONDON MAGAZINE.

S I R,

HAVING found in your Magazine for September a letter signed VINDEK, which controverts my remarks on Farmer's Dissertation on Miracles, I think it necessary to justify myself in having written those remarks. It may perhaps suit the purpose of Vindex to involve the points in question in a labyrinth of words, but as I have no other purposes to serve than to discover truth, and to detect error; I shall confine myself within narrow bounds. Vindex defends the assertion, that *the creation was no miracle, because it did not contravene the subsequent course or operation of nature*. But that this is mere cavil will appear, if it be considered that *whether, previous to the creation, the place we are in was a mere void, or was under any particular system of rules, the filling of such a void with matter, or the contravening of that system of rules was as undoubtedly a miracle, as water's being turned into wine*.

Vindex supports Mr. Farmer's argument that, in the case of a miracle, *fire may retain its properties, and yet not burn combustible materials*, alledging, that a superior power may controul the usual operations and effects of fire, as seems to have been the case when the three children remained unhurt in the fiery furnace; in answer to which, I will venture to assert that, if those three children remained unhurt, *either they were not combustible materials, or the fire did not retain its property of burning such*.

Vindex pretends that I have done injustice to Mr. Farmer by confounding his notion of *miracles superseding the operation of natural causes, with that of their superseding the rules of the natural system*. Surely that *fire burns combustible materials* (which is an operation of a natural cause) is also a rule of the natural system, and this rule is superseded whenever that operation is.

Vindex alledges that God did not authorize a lying spirit to deceive Ahab, for

for that Micaiah's vision was a parabolical representation of the divine purpose to permit Ahab to be deceived. But in 1 Kings, chap. xxii. Micaiah (when his vision is out of the question) is made to say "*the Lord hath put a lying spirit into the mouth of all thy prophets.*"

As to the Magicians of Egypt, adds Vindex, after what has been said by different writers upon the subject, the world will expect better evidence of their having performed wonders, than the bare assertion of Hypercriticus. You may remember, Mr. Editor, that my assertion (as Vindex chuses to call it) was nothing more than a modest question, whether or not the Magicians of Egypt did turn their rods into serpents, and perform the other wonderful feats recorded of them. — As I am a true believer, his palming the assertion of this matter upon me does not disturb me, but it is worth while to remark the cunning of the cloth; the Jewish and Christian revelations rest upon the basis of miracles, says Vindex, that is then upon such as Moses and Aaron wrought in Egypt, the only testimony of which is, that they are plainly asserted in the Bible; in the same chapters of it are also plainly asserted the miracles wrought by the Egyptian Magicians, yet this testimony Vindex rejects, in order to serve a purpose. It is a little ungrateful, it must be confess'd, after the Bible has so often been their friend, to flout at, and turn it off, when it happens to run a little counter to their interest.

HYPERCRITICUS.

A C A R D.

HYPERCRITICUS presents his compliments to the Monthly Reviewers, (those able critics in grammar and style) and thanks them for the information he has met with in their Review for September, where he finds that Millar's observations "*is one of those books which ONLY COULD BE PRODUCED in an age superior to prejudices*" — As he ignorantly supposed it might not only be produced, but also be sold, be read, be liked, be disliked &c. till the Monthly Reviewers informed him it could ONLY BE PRODUCED.

He trusts that the rest of their readers will join with him in thanking
Oct. 1771.

them, and not tell the Reviewers, as the Reviewers told Robert Baker, that those are unfit to criticize the English language, who are so ignorant as not to be able to write it.

A C A R D.

VINDEX presents his compliments to the conductor of the London Magazine, and desires him to inform the public, that the former part of the Vindication of Mr. Farmer on miracles in the last Magazine, p. 444 is inaccurately printed. Inverted commas should be inserted line 15 after the word *comparison*. And in lines 6. 7. from the bottom, delete *not or it was*.

A Geographical Question.

To the EDITOR of the LONDON MAGAZINE.

S I R,

REASON, which taught antiquity the idea of a Supreme Being, could not invent the means to render him the homage which his acknowledged Providence seemed to require: and yet, as fervent worship is the necessary consequence of the knowledge of a Divinity, men, for want of a guide, followed their own imagination, and the dictates of their heart, which, bent towards the earth, and entertaining no affection, but for the things which were within the reach of comprehension, went no farther, but there sought for something representing the divine power, proper to be addressed and made an object of veneration. The Chaldeans thought fire the most suitable to this design of any other element. The Egyptians declared themselves for water, which caused a great dispute between them, to know which was the most powerful. The first alledged in favour of fire, that it surpassed every other element, since it not only animated every thing, but also consumed every substance, nothing resisting its impetuosity.

The Egyptians on the contrary affirmed that water was more entitled to honour, being more powerful than fire, since water, with rushing vehemence, carried away whole cities, and alone overwhelmed the world, at the universal deluge; when it extinguishes even fire itself. — Thus as neither of these two nations was willing to give

T t t

up

up the point, they at last agreed to bring their imaginary deities to a decisive trial. Accordingly the Chaldeans made up a glowing fire with several combustible matters, whilst the Egyptians formed a kind of hollow statue with clay; at the same time having made in it several holes, carefully stopt up with wax: then having filled it with water, they threw it in the midst of the fire, which soon melted the wax, and gave vent to the water, which extinguished at once all the fire; by which means the latter came off victorious, and the common worship of all was ascribed to water only. I remember, to this purpose, to have read in an author, whose veracity was never called in question, that the Egyptians before Noah's time having received intelligence, by the stars, that the earth was one day to perish either by fire, or water, erected two columns; one of clay and another of copper, into which they inserted in hieroglyphic characters the science of astronomy, that, in case of a conflagration, the clay-column, which becomes harder by fire, might preserve that sublime science to posterity; and if a deluge happened, the brazen column, which could receive no damage from water, might be of the same utility. Josephus assures us that he has seen in Egypt the last column, the first having perished in the inundation which overwhelmed the first race of men.

'Tis very remarkable that each na-

tion has preserved some idea of the deluge; but I know not whether it be of the universal one: for history mentions three; that of Noah, which was over the whole world, that of Deucalion, which happened seventy years after, and covered only Thessaly and part of Italy; and that which happened in the time of Ogigis, King of Attica, six hundred years after that of Noah, and which was the least considerable, since it only overflowed the country round Athens, and Achaia in the Peloponnesus.

Now I am speaking concerning the deluge, I am induced to think that Noah's ark was the first vessel that ever appeared on the water; and hence we may conjecture that before the deluge men could have very little knowledge of geography, since all the islands and America were unknown to the inhabitants of the continent, and this, to all islanders. But were these islands peopled? Certainly they were; for it is not probable, that they were left uninhabited thro' such such a long series of years. But who could go over to them without boats? Truly, it is beyond my comprehension, and rather than torture my mind on this subject, to find proper reason to prove either part of this problem, give me leave, sir, to propose the same to the discussion of some of your more learned correspondents. I am, Sir,

Your constant reader.

Guildford, Oct. 5, 1771. HISTORICUS.

DEBATES OF A POLITICAL CLUB.

(Continued from p. 433 of our Magazine for September.)

LUCILLUS LENA had no sooner ended, than Marcus Crassus (L—d C—e) answered him to the following effect.

Mr. President, Sir,

I am fully persuaded that nothing but an inquiry will satisfy the last speaker and his faction. I am convinced they will not be satisfied, except they can ruin one of the greatest men that this nation ever produced. The light of justice and the strength of unanswerable argument, have no effect upon their prejudices. But will this house while it sees, be swayed by

their unworthy motives? shall we adopt the lie of the day, and strengthen the tide of popular clamour, on which they expect to be wafted to the land of places, pensions, and lucrative jobs? The idea is too gross and absurd: we must all know that this inquiry would not quiet the discontented faction; because, we know that the judges have law on their side, and must therefore stand acquitted. Why then engage in such a tedious and laborious examination? Those, who are capable of being set right, will be set right by this night's debate. As for the rest, they will

will remain infidels, were one to rise even from the dead. Inspiration would make no impression on their minds. Were not this the fact, were they not resolved to shut their eyes against conviction, and determined to continue the outcry, which their arts have raised against the courts, would they set their own little knowledge in opposition to the collective wisdom of the various benches, and come in here to tell us that the judges did not understand, or willingly violated the law? I am no lawyer. I cannot therefore quote precedents and cases so readily as the learned serjeant, who moved this question; but I am told by gentlemen who are not inferior to him, either in judicial knowledge, or knowledge of the constitution, that the doctrines, which he has arraigned, are not new or peculiar to the noble Lord who has been so scandalously traduced. They may be traced back as far as any monuments reach; and down from the revolution they have universally obtained, and are consequently the standing law of the land. Why then was the illustrious lord, who presides in the King's Bench, singled out from all the judges, who have patronised the same opinion? Why is he in particular adjudged criminal, and pointed at by the finger of faction? If any of you is at a loss for the reason, I believe I can explain it. This great lawyer happened to sit on the bench, when the ring-leader of sedition was, by the laws of his country, to suffer for his crimes; and, notwithstanding the clamours and threats of the misled populace, he had the courage and virtue to put the laws in execution. He fined and imprisoned the delinquent. From this source springs the unrelenting vengeance, and merciless persecution of the city patriots. The same great lawyer happens at the requisition of his prince to apply that wisdom, for which he is so eminently distinguished, to the good of the state, and the support of government. Hence the thatched-house Junto call him a minister and a political judge, as if it were a crime to be possessed of political knowledge, and criminal to give disinterested counsel to the king and his ministers. Our patriots dreading his superior abilities, as insurmountable obstacles to their elevation, proclaim war against him,

and strain every nerve to accomplish his destruction. But the justice of this house will disappoint their diabolical machinations—The majority of this assembly, Mr. President, disdain to court the prejudices of the rabble with a sacrifice of innocent, of meritorious blood. We have no ends to gain by the perpetration of murders, and leave such villainous roads to fame, for the panders of popularity.

The picture which I have here given you, Mr. President, of our patriots, discovers the features of truth, and the likeness must be palpable to our senses. Why then should we be surprised that they make such an irregular and distant attack upon so formidable an enemy as the Chief of the King's Bench? Sensible that, if they came to close quarters, they would be inevitably foiled, they keep aloof, and, instead of a direct charge, confine themselves to an inquiry. They raise a false alarm, a hue and cry about something, they know not what, in order to make the world stare, and inflame the mind of ignorance. One tells you, that the criminal law is perverted, and juries overtured. But, when you ask for the author of all this ruin and desolation, he is nonplussed and silenced. Another tells you, that he believes the author to be Lord Mansfield. But, when you demand his reasons, he gapes for utterance, like a scate gasping for breath out of water, and is at his wit's end. What must we think of this embarrassment and confusion? Their conduct puts me in mind of an old Greek story, which I read, when I was a boy at school. It is a well known story, gentlemen, you have all read it. It is the story of Ulysses. This good old Grecian, wise as he was, happened to be shipwrecked, on an island inhabited by a race of giants. It was his misfortune to take shelter in the cave of Polyphemus, the most formidable of the whole tribe. This Polyphemus used, after the manner of giants, I suppose, to stay his stomach with some of these wretched Greeks, whom he had caught on his premises. Out of revenge, as well as for his own security, Ulysses watched his opportunity, and with a fire-brand put out the eye of the Cyclops as he lay asleep, in the same manner, as our giants alledge, that Lord Mansfield

has put out the eye of the law. The pain, as you may easily conceive, waked the giant. It did; and, after groping his way out of the cave in the dark, (for neither he nor any of his nation had but one eye, which by the bye was in the middle of their forehead) he raised a terrible outcry, you may be sure. I question much whether it was not more frightful than the Indian war-whoop, or the Irish howl. Well, be that as it will, his dolorous lamentations brought together a large posse of his one-eyed brethren, and they found him, I dare say, in as bad a pickle as our patriotick cyclopes have found the constitution. But still it remained for Polyphemus, who had raised all this noise, to resolve the grand question, *who did it?* The Greeks having stole away in the bustle, he could produce nobody, and all the answer that his brothers could get was, that *nobody did it*. Thus are we alarmed with terrible encroachments on liberty and property, but when we demand the authors, they are not to be found. There are sad doings, but *nobody did them*.

The more we consider the nature of the times, Mr. President, the more necessary it becomes for us to reject the proposed enquiry, for unless we condemn *at any rate*, it will be impossible for us to satisfy the clamours of patriotism; if we enter into the examination recommended by the learned Serjeant, and finding ample room to applaud the judge, at whom his political thunder is levelled, do justice to his character, will not the rabble without doors impeach the integrity of the decision, as they have hitherto impeached the integrity of all our decisions, and fill every news-paper with complaints, that we only venally acquitted him in obedience to the commands of the ministry? We may easily see, Mr. President, the temper of our patriots from their treatment even of juries, warmly as they contend for the omnipotence of twelve judicial inquisitors. When a jury finds a verdict agreeable to their wishes, then the power of juries is to be held inviolably sacred—But when Almon is convicted by a jury, the matter wears a very different complexion—Nay, when a special jury has convicted Horne, for libelling a mem-

ber of this house, the learned serjeant, who moved the present motion, advises his client to appeal from the determination of this constitutional tribunal; and to whom does the serjeant advise the person to appeal? To those very courts, whose probity he himself arraigns, and whose prostitution he affirms is evident to universal notoriety?—

What more need I urge, Mr. President, against the flagitious question on your table? Indeed there was no necessity for my urging so much; but the profligacy of the proceedings roused all the indignation of my bosom, and I could not content myself with a bare vote where so infamous an attack was wantonly made upon virtue.

The next speaker in the debate was Paulus Priscus, (Mr. Crn—ell) who delivered himself to this effect.

Mr. President, Sir,

AS on a former occasion I expressed my approbation of the enquiry proposed, I should be wanting to myself and my friends, if I did not endeavour to forward its progress. It would be idle to specify the different accusations, the various unconstitutional acts charged upon the courts of justice. Of these points I gave you a detail in the course of another debate; and the learned serjeant, who moved this question, has again refreshed your memories, and almost exhausted the subject. Let it be my task then, as I stand upon his ground, to shew you the propriety, nay the indispensable necessity, of adopting the motion: This I shall do with candor, yet I hope with force, and having the public good only in view, I shall neither be unjust upon the one hand, nor timid on the other.

The charges, which have been now exhibited against the courts of justice, are not light and trivial. They are not like those vulgar reports, those lies of the day, which spring from nothing, and terminate in nothing. No; they are grave and serious matters; matters of weight and moment, which bear the stamp of authenticity, and carry with them every mark of credibility. Has not the learned serjeant informed you that he will bring to your bar respectable witnesses, who will upon oath, prove all his allegations?

Has

Has he not in a former debate, assured you, that upon enquiry, the courts of justice will be found guilty of mal-administration? Did he not stake his reputation upon the truth of this assertion? What more can you desire? A man of his wisdom, gravity, and authority, a man, who has every opportunity, and every requisite talent for knowing the real state of the case, tells you, upon his honour and veracity, that there are misdemeanours in the law-department, and even engages to demonstrate the fact by positive and direct evidence. Can any thing be more forcible, more cogent than this? Except the proof of every charge was actually laid before you, I cannot see how he could more strongly engage your honour and interest in the enquiry. But, he does not rest the matter upon his own credit, he strengthens it by that of the respectable member who seconded his motion, and supports it by the particular charge made by a representative of the metropolis. What then do you find here wanting? The judges in general are accused, and particular judges are particularly mentioned. And by whom? by grave men, who have the best means of information; by a pleader of distinguished character in the courts, and by a representative of the first city in the British empire; both tell you, that their constituents, that England in general, are dissatisfied, and have reason to be dissatisfied with the administration of justice. If this be not a sufficient foundation for adopting the motion, I must confess myself totally ignorant of the matter.

I readily acknowledge that vulgar reports are not sufficient grounds for impeachment, though they are sufficient grounds for enquiry. But will any man in his senses call the charges now urged against the judges, vulgar reports? If ever they were viewed in that light, I am sure they must now have changed their colour. They have got a degree beyond the state of rumour, and begin to assume the air of certainty. At least the people have conceived that idea of them; and I fear they will retain it, till they are undeceived by an inquiry. Consider then, I beseech you, what will be the consequence of leaving the public in the present condition of uneasiness and

discontent. Soured and exasperated, as they have been by the process of the Middlesex election, by the affair of St. George's fields, by the imprudent system of American politicks now adopted, by the folly observable in our foreign negotiations, and the madness distinguishable in the management of our affairs at home, how can they preserve any degree of temper, when they suspect encroachments to be made on juries, the firmest bulwarks of liberty and property? when their general interest is not only neglected, but betrayed, they must lose all patience; when they observe the courts of justice forfeiting all pretensions to honesty and integrity, and openly avowing principles which are subversive of all liberty, can the people continue tame spectators of their own destruction? When an opinion prevails, that justice, the great upholder of society, is no longer to be obtained, what motive remains to bind them to the support of government? I see none. When the people lose, and the crown and its dependents alone gain, by the actual state of society, a dissolution necessarily ensues: because the society is really and truly come back to its original state of violence and anarchy.

Far be it from me to insinuate that our judges have brought us to this crisis. I hope they will be found blameless, or at least excusable. If it appears that they have been led astray by the former sages of the law; if any one can prove them *errare cum patribus*, no man will be more ready than I to throw a veil over their failings. But while matters stand on their present basis; while we are in doubt, and the people in anxiety, I cannot rest satisfied without an enquiry. We have already done enough, and more than enough to work them into a ferment. Shall we continue the same career, and because we have once offended, multiply offences? Take a view of the grand scene, in which we are likely to be engaged. Set before your eyes France and Spain strengthened by long preparations, and animated by the irresolution, shortsightedness, and timidity of our ministry; look at these, I say, ready to burst in a storm upon us, look at the rest of Europe rather hostile than friendly, and think for God's sake, in earnest,

of

of restoring the good humour of the people. Imitate the Roman senators, who removed the Æqui and the Volsci from their gates, by granting to the plebeians the abolition of all debts, the greatest grievance of the time.

It is not in our armies, or our fleets, Mr. President, that our chief strength consists; it is in the affections of the people; neither our soldiers nor our seamen can as Britons fight for the government which endeavours to make them slaves; and never shall we be formidable to foreign enemies while we continue distracted in ourselves.

Paulus Priscus was immediately succeeded by Horatius Cocles (the Right Hon. G. O—w) who spoke thus:

Mr. President, Sir,

IT is not so much to discuss the motion before you that I rise, as to do justice to a character that has been grossly misrepresented. Were I disposed to expatiate on the conduct of the judges in general, I believe I might be as eloquent in their defence, as the gentlemen who have taken the liberty of calling their integrity in question, have been copious in their accusation. At least I am convinced, that if I failed, it would not be through want of matter, but through want of ability. For I take them to be, for knowledge of the law, and for purity of intention, at least equal to any set of judges that ever Westminster-hall could boast at one time. And it is to this very circumstance of their knowledge, joined to their inflexible virtue, that I attribute all the clamour which has been raised against them. Had they meanly, had they infamously, crouched beneath the threats of the deluded mob; had they ignobly spread out their sails to the fallacious breeze of popular favour, and suffered their bark to glide down the current of the multitude; in a word, had they wrested the laws to favour the ringleaders of faction, and the promoters of sedition, they would have been the greatest of judges, and the first patriots of their country. No names, no honours, would have been adequate to their virtues. Each of them would have been a Coke, and a Holt, and a second Daniel. The chancellorship would be too small a reward for their

respective merits. But since they have, like honest men, acted conscientiously, and supported the laws in opposition to the giddy violence and licentious fury of the times; since they have exercised the wholesome severities of justice upon the criminal idols of the rabble, no epithets are too hard for them. One is called the *supple Page*, another is termed the *corrupt Tresilian*, and a third is christened the *bloody Jefferies*.

[To be continued.]

To the AUTHORS of the LONDON MAGAZINE.

GENTLEMEN,

AS several correspondents have for some time past found an admission into your entertaining work, for animadversions on the criticisms of the Monthly Reviewers, it surprises me that a scheme of contrasting the opinion of the two Reviews, wherever they differ essentially in their opinion of the *same* performance, has never occurred to your recollection; because it would certainly form a very agreeable article to many of your readers, and shew the *candour* of our literary inquisitors, in the clearest point of view to the public.—It is a principle with me, gentlemen, that two men if really *capable* of judging, and determined to judge *honestly*, cannot disagree very much in regard to the merit or the imperfections of the *same* writer. There is no mighty difficulty in discovering *sense* from *nonsense*; *truth* from *falsehood*; *the effusions of genius* from *the ravings of bombast*, or *the real improvements in science*, from *the abortive efforts of incapacity*.—On this account, whenever I find a material disagreement between the Monthly and Critical Reviewers in their character of the *same* author, I am naturally led to tax one of the critics either with ignorance or partiality, and I usually adopt his sentiment who enters most fully into a proof of his assertions.

Conceiving that a general adoption of this method, gentlemen, would be no less useful than entertaining to your readers, I have troubled you with the first number of a paper which I shall entitle simply after your own example,

THE REVIEWERS REVIEWED.
and I promise to continue my correspondence

pondence as often as I find opportunity—Many gentlemen I doubt not, will readily contribute their assistance to so salutary a design, and constitute a general court of criticism in the London Magazine, to shew that an author cannot be *despicable* and *ingenious*, *powerful* and *weak*, *ignorant* and *learned*, at the same moment, as he is now frequently represented by the different Reviews. A task of this kind requires very little trouble; the bare transcription of opposing opinions will be enough for the purpose; or if the transcription is too troublesome, the barely sending the contradictory characters given of a writer, in *print*, will be equally effectual. By this means the public will at one glance, be able to judge for themselves on contested points of literature, and have besides the Impartial Review, constantly furnished by the London Magazine, an epitome of the Monthly and Critical to assist in the selection of their authors.—It is unnecessary, gentlemen, to say more upon the subject—I proceed therefore to the execution of my plan, and now present you with

The REVIEWERS REVIEWED, N^o. I.

By Jonathan Idle, Esq;

IN the MONTHLY REVIEW for last April, p. 330, we have the following character of *Thoughts on the late Transactions respecting Falkland's Island*.

"The few writers who treat dispassionately of public affairs, are intitled to the thanks of their fellow-citizens; but it is not so with those who would scatter sedition, or who would exalt the prerogatives of the crown by overthrowing the liberties of the people. In this latter class we are unwilling to place the author of the performance before us; notwithstanding that, as the champion of the ministry, he attempts to vindicate its conduct in relation to the late transactions with Spain; and that he considers those who have censured it as the 'bellowers of faction.'

Though perhaps there is no great force of argument, or strength of reasoning in the pages before us, we must, however, be candid enough to remark that their literary merit is very considerable.

The present publication is not entirely free from that disgusting petulance and affectation, which generally characterize the performances of its author. Filled with that little vanity, which so frequently attends on contemplative and retired men, he delivers his oracles with an air of the utmost authority; and seems to consider himself as seated on the pinnacle of the temple of wisdom, from whence he looks down with a *sapient disdain* on the reptiles that crawl below him."

The CRITICAL REVIEW for March, speaking of the same performance, mentions it thus:

"The distinguished author of this pamphlet, though he has condescended to descant on a subject already hackneyed by other political writers, still maintains that originality of thought peculiar to himself, as well as that splendor of diction which illuminates all his other works. Like Cæsar, knocking at the gate of Amyclas, he is still *indocilis privata loqui*, and elevates the mobs of Middlesex, and the supporters of the bill of rights, into that consequence, by his manner of representing them, which neither the one nor the other could have derived from the most triumphant cavalcade to Brentford, or the most tumultuous assembly at the London Tavern.

From the herd he singles out their leader Junius, one whose specious talents exalt him into an antagonist whom no writer can blush to oppose; and without any assistance borrowed from personal invective, or confidence derived from hiding, like his opponent, behind a cloud, has attacked him with that conscious superiority of spirit, which a just cause alone can support, and that elegance of satire which nothing less than the most intimate acquaintance with polite literature could inspire.

We may fairly say of this performance, after having perused it with an uncommon degree of diligence and attention, that it will bring conviction home to all those whose judgements are neither warped by party, nor seduced by interest. To this we may add, that the author of the Rambler never loses the moralist in the politician, but still continues to blend the benevolent

benevolent effusions of a mind impregnated with a thorough sense of every civil and religious duty with such salutary advice, as may best instruct us how to preserve the internal happiness and political interests of our native country.

MONTHLY, April 1771.

The Loves of Medea and Jason; a poem, in three books. Translated from the Greek of Apollonius Rhodius's Argonautics. By the Rev. J. Ekins, M. A. late fellow of King's College, Cambridge, and Rector of Quainton, Bucks. 4to. 3s. 6d. Payne. 1771.

The Argonautics of Apollonius were of such high repute in antiquity that Virgil has not scrupled to borrow very largely from that writer, both in the construction, the sentiments, and imagery of his *Æneid*; yet we have never translated him; and indeed the dry detail of his fabulous heroes, and their uninteresting exploits in the two first books, is very forbidding. The present translator has wisely enough, therefore, omitted them, and fallen only on that more interesting part which describes the loves of Medea and Jason. But a mediocrity of art and genius (which if we allow Mr. Ekins, we grant him rather too much) was by no means sufficient here. And indeed, this is a very tame and inadequate translation. To point out the feeble lines were endless; but the translator has sometimes as little propriety as poetry. He represents the blooming Medea as an old hag, who, in the morning,

"Smooths her parched cheeks:

She then gives orders to the female band,

[stand!"]

Who in attendance near her chamber

CRITICAL on the same.

It now remains to speak more particularly of Mr. Ekins's performance, which we have compared, in many of the most interesting passages, with the original; and hesitate not a moment to congratulate the literary world on so valuable an acquisition. We shall point out, indeed, a few instances, in which he has not given the sense of his author so fully as perhaps was possible; and yet, we know not whether, on the whole, the poem could be more exactly rendered into English verse, without injury to its spirit. Mr. Ekins is

peculiarly happy in transfusing the tenderness of Apollonius into his own lines; and if at any time he sinks beneath his author, it is when our language would not support him in the imitation of daring Grecisms.

We believe the reader will join with us in hoping, that Mr. Ekins will add the rest of the poem to this performance. A poet is not well understood but by the whole of his work; and if Mr. Ekins declines the task, we know not who will venture to appear as his rival.

MONTHLY, Feb. 1771.

Free Thoughts on the present State of public Affairs, in a Letter to a Friend.

We perceive nothing in this letter that can induce us to recommend it to the public.

CRITICAL on the same Performance.

The pamphlet, upon the whole, is an ingenious expostulation with the opponents of government.

MONTHLY, April 1771.

Reflections upon the present Dispute between the House of Commons and the Magistrates of London, 8vo. 1s. Bladon.

According to the spirit of our constitution, the members of the House of Commons ought to hold no language but what the people should hear, or be informed of. They are elected for the purpose of supporting the general rights of the nation; and when they complain that their speeches are published, it is naturally to be suspected that they are inclined, in some respect, to betray their constituents. The publication however before us, in compliment to administration, should vindicate the House of Commons in their late transactions with the magistrates of London. It is written with no extraordinary strength of argument, or elegance of composition; yet from its style and manner, we should be apt to ascribe it to a person of some eminence in the literary world—the author of *Memoirs of Great Britain and Ireland*.

CRITICAL on the same, April 1771.

This publication is no less spirited and judicious than seasonable; and whoever peruses it for the sake of information, will be convinced, that the power which the House of Commons has exerted, is warranted by the principles of the constitution.

No. I.

SWAIN.

An. lante

as I will with my swain. He ne-

ver once much with my song, sy.

sorry when comes the dull Night, That

hasten

Figured bass: 6 6 6 5 4 3 4 2 6, 7 6 4 6, 7 6 4 6, 6 b 4 3 6, 7 6, 3

W
F
IV.
My jealousy raise,
My swain but my swain;
Sing for me is his praise,
For him the lov'd strain.
I wish wealth, and beauty, may fail,
Shepherds elude all your skill;
That of song may prevail,
And your swains to your will.



I DO AS I WILL WILL

An. lante

ver once thinks I am wrong; Sy. He likes none so well on the

A song is the shepherd's de - - - light, He hears me with

hastens the end of my lay. Sy.

II.

With spleen and with care once oppress'd,
 He ask'd me to sooth him the while;
 My voice set his mind at all rest,
 And the shepherd wou'd instantly smile:
 Since when, or in mead, or in grove,
 By his flocks, or the clear river's side,
 I sing my best songs to my love,
 And to charm him is grown all my pride.

III

No beauty had I to endear,
 No treasures of nature or art,
 But my voice that had gain'd on
 Soon found out the way to him
 To try if that voice wou'd not please
 He took me to join the gay train
 I won the rich prize all with ease
 And my fame's gone abroad

WITH MY SWAIN.

I do as I will with my swain. He ne-

ll on the plain, I please him so much with my song, sy.

with joy all the day, He's sorry when comes the dull Night, That

tr.

5 6 6 7 6 6 4 3

III
 dear,
 re or art,
 gain'd on his ear,
 way to his heart;
 u'd not please,
 he gay throng,
 ll with ease,
 e abroad with my song.

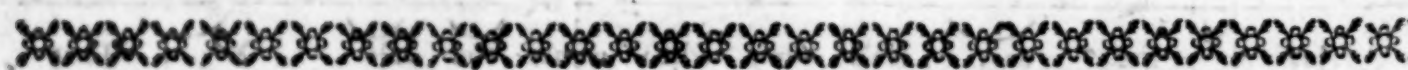


IV.
 But let me not jealousy raise,
 I wish to enchant but my swain;
 Enough then for me is his praise,
 I sing but for him the lov'd strain.
 When youth, wealth, and beauty, may fail,
 And your shepherds elude all your skill;
 Your sweetness of song may prevail,
 And gain all your swains to your will.



I DO AS I WILL

FOR THE GE



L'ALCIMADURE,



All round.

I. All four couple both hands; the four gentlemen contre tems forward, and the Ladies backward form a double cross.

II. The four gentlemen turn to the right, pass under the arms of their partners, and quit the cross;

L WITH MY SWAIN.

ERMAN FLUTE.



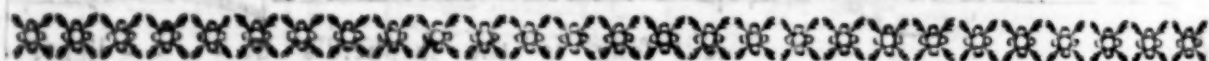
E, A NEW COTILLON.



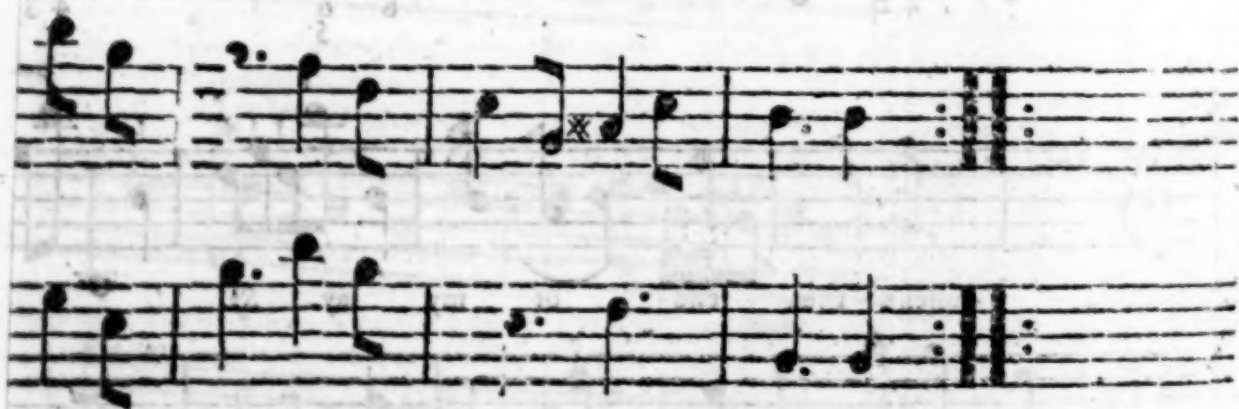
backward, to the Corners; the ladies quit the right hand, by chaffe into the centre, without letting the left hand go, and
the cros; the gentlemen turn behind the ladies, and, by chaffe, the four couple return to their places.

I MY SWAIN.

FLUTE.



W COTILLON.



The ladies quit the right hand, by chaffe into the centre, without letting the left hand go, and behind the ladies, and, by chaffe, the four couple return to their places.

AN IMPARTIAL REVIEW of NEW PUBLICATIONS.

ARTICLE I.

A Journal of a Voyage round the World in his Majesty's Ship Endeavour, in the Years 1768, 1769, 1770, 1771. Undertaken in Pursuit of natural Knowledge, at the Desire of the Royal Society, &c. 4to. 1 vol. Becket.

Though Dr. Solander and Mr. Banks, the principals of the voyage in the Endeavour, have both advertised against the Journal before us, we see very little reason to doubt the authenticity of the writer, who gives us several sensible accounts of the newly discovered countries in the southern hemisphere. The following description of the savages on Otahitee, or King George's Island, will, we are confident, afford much entertainment to the reader.

"The island, which the commander of the Dolphin twenty-gun-ship had named King George's Island, is by the natives called Otahitee; and consists of two peninsulas, joined by an isthmus. The greater peninsula is called Otahitee-Nua, and the lesser Otahitee-Eta. The former indeed is sometimes called Obreabo, in honour to queen Obrea. The whole length of the island is fifteen leagues, and its circumference forty leagues; Port Royal bay is situated near the west end. From thence the coast extends east by south, about nineteen miles, to a reef of three small islands, forming a bay called Society Bay. From this the land inclines into a deep bay at the isthmus or juncture of the two divisions, of which the smallest is nearly oval, and surrounded by a reef, which runs parallel to the shore, at about two miles distance; this has several apertures or passages which afford safe anchorage within. The north side of the island is likewise defended by a similar reef, but the ground within is foul and unsafe for vessels of burthen.

The soil of the island, on the more elevated parts, is dry, and consists of a red loam, which is very deep; but the vallies are covered with a fertile black mould. The island is under the government of a single chief, whose authority is unlimited, and who appoints deputies that preside in different districts, to preserve good order, and collect these impositions or duties, which by long establishment have become his due. And though no particular laws have been enacted among them, yet certain penalties or punishments, from long usage and ancient custom, are annexed to certain crimes or misdemeanors. Thus, for example, those who steal clothes or arms, are commonly put to death, either by hanging or drowning in the sea; but those who steal provisions are bastinadoed. By this practice they wisely vary the

punishment of the same crime, when committed from different motives; judging, perhaps, that he who steals cloth or arms, steals because he is either idle or avaricious, qualities which probably will always continue with the offender to the disturbance of society; but he who steals from hunger is impelled by one of the most importunate desires of nature, and will not offend again, unless the same impulse recurs, which it is not likely will often happen.

The natives of Otahitee are unequal in stature, some of them being six feet and three inches in height, others not more than five feet and a half; commonly however they are tall and large in size, but not strong and vigorous; their joints being more flexible than those of the most delicate European women I have ever seen. From infancy they habituate themselves to dancing, according to their own peculiar mode, which consists of very extravagant distortions and gesticulations, together with various inflexions of their bodies and limbs, which being frequently practised, seem, like the effect of early habit in our tumblers, to be the cause of that enlarged motion in their joints, which prevents their attaining a degree of strength proportionate to their size. In sitting they commonly incline very much forward, but in walking they carry themselves very erect, even when advanced in old age.

Their complexion is brown, but much lighter than that of the natives of America; some few among them appeared almost as white as Europeans, and several had red hair, though it is commonly black and strait.

Their garments are made from cloth manufactured by themselves from a vegetable substance produced by a tree, which we named the cloth-tree. These garments vary in their figure, and in the manner in which they are worn; circumstances, which though regulated with such rigid exactness in European countries, with them depend on fancy, caprice, or the state of the weather, as to heat, cold, rain, &c. In the day-time they have always a covering about the pubes; and in dry pleasant weather they commonly wear a piece of thin cloth, about two yards in length, having a perforation or hole in the middle, through which the head is passed, and which hangs loosely over the shoulders; but when in their houses this cloth is frequently taken from the neck, and rolled about their loins. The women esteem it as most ornamental to enfold the pubes with many windings of cloth, which they draw so close about the middle, and round the upper part of their thighs, that it is a considerable impediment to them in walking. Both sexes indent or

prick the flesh about and below the hips in a multitude of places, with the points of sharp bones, and these indentures they fill with a dark blue or blackish paint, which ever after continues, and discolours the skin in those places, rendering it black. This practice is universal among them, and is called *tat-tow*, a term which they afterwards applied to letters when they saw us write, being themselves perfectly illiterate. The men have long hair, which they tie on the top of their heads, sticking it with plumage of birds; but the hair of the women is short, and hangs in curls down the neck; and both sexes frequently wear pieces of white cloth of their own manufacture wrapped about their heads, almost in the form of a turban. The females with infinite labour plait human hair into long small cords or threads, which they fold into bunches, and tie as an ornament over their foreheads; so powerful and universal are the emotions of vanity! They likewise wear ear-rings of pearl, as well as the men, but no bracelets or necklaces.

The men, unlike the aborigines of America, have long beards, which they carefully dress in different forms. And notwithstanding Moses has represented circumcision as enjoined by the Deity to Abraham, for a distinguishing mark or criterion appropriated to him and his posterity the Jews, yet the natives of this island universally practise it from notions of cleanliness, having a term of reproach which they apply to the uncircumcised, but which decency will not allow me to repeat.

Though they have made but little progress towards civilization and refinement, yet they are already divided into the conditions of masters and servants; so naturally do the passions of mankind lead them to aspire to dominion; and so easily do the differences in their bodily and intellectual faculties enable some of them to obtain it to the detriment of the rest, who are made subservient to them. Almost all the freemen of Otahitee have several of these servants about their houses, who are the most dexterous thieves and pick-pockets perhaps in the whole world, as we often found to our disadvantage; but yet it must be acknowledged that they were not wantonly dishonest, but, as often as they stole things that were useless to themselves (which frequently happened) they either voluntarily brought them back to their owners, or laid them in places where they must be necessarily found: thus, for instance, having in the night, with great secrecy and dexterity, found means to enter our encampment unperceived, and carry away our astronomical quadrant, which was indispensably necessary for those observations that were a principal object of the voyage; after keeping and examining it a few days, and finding it to be useless to themselves, one from among them was commis-

sioned to intimate to us that he had seen one of his countrymen carry and hide it under a certain tree, which he described, but declared he did not know the thief; however, on examining the place he had mentioned, we found the quadrant, a little disordered by handling and inspection, though the damage was soon repaired.

The women of Otahitee have agreeable features, are well-proportioned, sprightly, and lascivious; neither do they esteem continence as a virtue, since almost every one of our crew procured temporary wives among them, who were easily retained during our stay. The inhabitants intermarry with each other for life, but with this singular circumstance, that as soon as a man has taken a wife he is excluded the society of the women, and of the unmarried of his own sex, at the time of their meals, being compelled to eat with his servants. For this reason they are not solicitous to attach themselves to a single object, during the earlier part of life, but pursue incontinent gratifications where inclination leads, until a woman becomes pregnant, when the father by long established custom is compelled to marry her.

The chief or sovereign of the island is allowed but one wife, though he has many concubines; the savage policy of government however requires that all his natural children be put to immediate death as soon as born, to preclude the disorders which might arise from a competition for the succession. The badge of sovereignty is called *Maro*, which is a kind of red sash worn about the middle. When the *Ere* or chief is first invested with this mark of his authority, the ceremony is attended with an extraordinary festival, which continues the space of three days. The *Baci*, when he has been invested with the *Maro*, is ever after sed by his attendants, who take his food in their fingers, and put it in his mouth, dipping them in a bowl of coconut milk before each mouthful.

The inhabitants of Otahitee may be computed at seventy thousand. They believe the existence of one supreme God, whom they call *Maw-we*, but acknowledge an infinite number of inferior deities generated from him, and who preside over particular parts of the creation. *Maw-we* is the being who shakes the earth, or the god of earthquakes. They have however no religious establishment, or mode of divine worship; neither the dictates of nature or of reason having suggested to them the expediency or propriety of paying external adoration to the Deity: on the contrary, they think him too far elevated above his creatures, to be affected by their actions. They have indeed certain funeral rites, and other ceremonies, for which a certain order of men are appropriated, though they have no immediate relation to the Deity, and these men we called priests, but

but perhaps not with much propriety. They have some notion of a future life in another island, to which they expect to be translated after death; but it does not seem as if they considered it as a state of retribution for the actions of this life, since they believe that each individual will there enjoy the same condition in which he has lived here, whether it be that of a prince, a master, or a servant. They believe the stars to be generated between the sun and moon, and suppose an eclipse to be the time of copulation. They likewise suppose the greatest part of the earth or main land to be placed at a great distance eastward, and that their island was broken or separated from it while the Deity was drawing it about the sea, before he resolved upon its situation.

Though these people have no particular mode of divine worship, we frequently observed that in eating they cut a small piece of their food and deposited in some retired place as an offering to Maw-wa.

When any disputes arise among the people concerning property, the strongest retains possession, but the weaker complains to the Erei, who, from a political desire of maintaining equality among his subjects, generally gives it to the poorest of the contending parties.

Their funeral rites are of a singular kind; the dead body is deposited in a house built for that purpose at some distance from the common habitation of the family, and laid on a floor elevated several feet above the ground, being covered with fine cloth; then a kind of priest, called Heavah, clothed in a mantle covered with glossy feathers, and commonly attended with two boys painted black, strews the body with flowers and leaves of bambo, and carries presents of fish, and other food, which he deposits by the side of it, and for two or three days after is constantly employed in ranging the adjacent woods and fields, from which every one retires on his approach. The relations in the mean time build a temporary house, contiguous to that which contains the corpse, where they assemble, and the females mourn for the deceased by singing songs of grief, howling, and wounding their bodies in different places; after which they bathe their wounds in the sea or river, and again return to howl and cut themselves, which they continue for three days. After the body is corrupted, and the bones become naked or bare, the skeleton is deposited in a kind of stone pyramid built for that purpose*.

II. *The History of a Voyage to the Malouine*

* In a retired part of the island was observed one of these pyramids, of a much larger size than the rest, which was composed of huge rough stones laid on each other, and which probably contained the bones of some ancient prince or hero; on the top were the beaks of several large birds, and the bones of fish, which had probably been offered as presents to the deceased.

(or Falkland) Islands, &c. translated from Don Pernetty's Historical Journal written in French, 4to. 15s. Jefferys.

This voyage was made in the years 1763 and 1764, under the command of Mons. de Bougainville, in order to form a settlement; the principal advantages however, likely to result from the undertaking, are some discoveries in natural history, which may afford entertainment to the public curiosity, though the translation is by no means such as we can mention in the strongest terms of approbation.

III. *Remarks on M. de V——'s new Discoveries in natural History, in a late Publication, intitled, Les Singularites de la Nature, Svo. 1s. 6d. Robinson and Roberts.*

A laudable attempt to maintain the scripture history of the general deluge, against the subtleties of sophistry, and the charms of a lively imagination.

IV. *The Life of Henry St. John Lord Viscount Bolingbroke, Svo. 1s. 6d. Davies.*

We are at a loss to conceive with what view the life of a character so perfectly known as Lord Bolingbroke's is now presented to the public; especially one so wretchedly written as the present; which is almost a continued chain of palpable inaccuracies.

V. *Discourses on the Parables of our blessed Saviour, and the Miracles of the Holy Ghost, with occasional Illustrations. By Charles Bulkley, 4 vol. 8vo. 5s. Horsfield.*

This is one of the few articles in which true piety, blended with sterling good sense, is powerfully calculated to promote the happiness of mankind.

VI. *The generous Husband; or the History of Lord Lelius and the fair Emilia, containing likewise the genuine Memoirs of Asmodei, the pretended Piedmontese Count, from the Time of his Birth, to his late ignominious Fall in Hyde-park, 12mo. 2s. 6d. Wheble.*

Licentiousness in league with stupidity, attempting to pass a late unhappy affair in high life, as a literary article of importance upon the credulity of the public.

VII. *A Letter to the Jurors of Great-Britain, occasioned by an Opinion of the Court of King's-Bench, read by Lord Chief Justice Mansfield, in the Case of the King and Woodfall, and said to have been left by his Lordship with the Clerk of Parliament, 8vo. 1s. 6d. Pearch.*

This writer is a warm, yet a sensible advocate in the cause of the people; his zeal never betrays him into any unbecoming intemperance, and his arguments must be read

no less with profit than satisfaction by every dispassionate enquirer into the constitutional power of our jurymen,

VIII. *The Academy-Keeper: or Variety of useful Directions concerning the Management of an Academy; the Terms, the Diet, Lodging, Recreation, Discipline, and Instruction of young Gentlemen, &c.* 8vo. 1s. Peat.

Such parents or guardians, as have either children or wards, for whose education they are interested, will lay out a shilling very usefully in the purchase of this article; which points out the particular abuses of modern academies in a forcible manner, and is no less replete with satire than information.

IX. *A Treatise on Marriage; to which are added Strictures on the Education of Children.* By W. Giles, 8vo. 1s. 6d. Buckland.

The article now under our consideration is not without its use; it will operate as an admirable soporific, and lull the reader to a profound repose, yet never once endanger the most delicate constitution.

X. *An Enquiry into the general Effects of Heat, with Observations on the Theories of Mixture. In two Parts. Illustrated with a Variety of Experiments, tending to explain and deduce from Principles, some of the most common Appearances in Nature; With an Appendix on the Form and Use of the principal Vessels, containing the Subjects on which the Effects of Heat and Mixtures are to be produced,* 8vo. 2s. Nourie.

We readily allow this writer to be a master of his subject, but cannot on any account admit, that what he advances with respect to the doctrine of mixtures is conspicuous for the smallest appearance of novelty.

XI. *Elliptical Astronomy restored to its natural Simplicity in Theory and Practice, upon Nonaic Principles, whose Uses are also specified in Navigation.* By James Hurly, B. A. 8vo. 3s. Law.

The extraordinary author of this extraordinary work is, as we learn from the title-page, master of the grammar school, and curate of St. James's in Taunton. His business is to prove, that Moses delivered the principles of astronomy to us from a divine revelation, and that human philosophy with respect to this science, is a vile hypothesis, utterly below the regard of any sensible writer. He affects to be very severe on many eminent names in the astronomical world; but his dirt is scattered so unskillfully, that it only annoys himself, and makes him an object of ridicule, where he would be willingly thought a formidable enemy.

XII. *An historical Collection of the several Voyages and Discoveries in the South Pacific Ocean, Vol. I. Being chiefly a literal Translation from the Spanish Writers.* By Alexander Dalrymple, Esq; 2 vol. 4to. 1l. 11s. 6d. Nourie.

Mr. Dalrymple, from the work before us, appears not a little warmed by a passion for

the discovery of new countries. Nothing but this passion could induce him to translate a couple of quarto volumes merely for the purpose of proving (what few we imagine will deny) that fresh empires are discoverable in the southward, for any nation which has industry enough to find them out.

XIII. *An Address to the House of Commons in Ireland.* By A Freeholder, 8vo. 1s. Almon.

This pamphlet is evidently written in favour of government, to justify the late bill for augmenting the forces of Ireland, and to prove that Great-Britain can never expect many advantages from a national militia, where the inhabitants of the kingdom are, by a prodigious majority, composed of Roman catholics.

XIV. *The Curate of Coventry, a Tale.*—By John Potter, Author of the *Adventures of Arthur O Bradley.* 2 vol. 12mo. 5s. Newbery.

Though imperfections may certainly be pointed out in the article before us, the entertainment, as well as the instruction which it furnishes, entitle it to a very favourable reception, and therefore we give it a warm recommendation to our readers.

XV. *The Heresy and Heretic of the Scriptures completely described, that Description honestly improved, and to the Censure of the Public modestly submitted,* 8vo. 1s. 6d. Buckland.

Though our author thinks he has sufficiently proved the assertions in his title-page, we cannot say that he is likely to be read either with pleasure or profit by any rational believer of the Gospel.

XVI. *Observations concerning the Distinctions of Ranks in Society.* By John Miller, Professor of Laws in the University of Glasgow, 4to. 9s. Murray.

An ingenious chain of reasoning on a subject of great importance, and equally calculated for the closet of the philosopher and the gentleman.

XVII. *A practical Treatise on Brewing; containing various Instructions and Precautions.* By William Reddington, late of Windsor, Brewer, 8vo. 2s. 6d. Richardson and Urquhart.

Though we have some very useful works on the brewery, we do not think Mr. Reddington's treatise, which is now given us in a second edition, by any means likely to prove an unacceptable publication to the dealers in genuine British Burgundy.

XVIII. *Instructions for collecting and preserving Insects; particularly Moths and Butterflies,* 8vo. 1s. Pearch.

These instructions are illustrated by a copper-plate, on which nets and other apparatus, necessary for the purpose, are delineated; yet important as our author may deem his subject, we think it at best but a refinement in torturing, as unfeeling in the means, as it is useless, in the end.

XIX. *An Enquiry into the Nature, Rise, and Progress, of the Fevers most common in London, &c.* By William Grant, M. D. 8vo. 5s. Cadell.

When the readers of the metropolis are informed, that this article is in general executed with much ability, they will think it, we doubt not, worth a serious perusal. — Sydenham is the great guide by whom our author regulates his enquiry, and in the course of it, many observations will be found not only curious, but some even enter-

taining on account of their whimsicality.

XX. *The female Monitor; to which is annexed a Treatise on Divorces, containing very seasonable advice to both married and single Ladies.* By a Clergyman of the Church of England, 12mo. 1s. 6d. Dixwell.

We are at a loss which most to condemn, the dullness, or the impudence of *The Female Monitor*; the design is no less contemptible than the execution; and a scribbler must be wretched indeed, who makes himself equally reprehensible as a man and a writer.

POETICAL ESSAYS.

The TEARS of the BRITISH MUSE.

BESIDE a rock by dashing waves o'er-
thrown [drown'd;
The Muse of Britain lay, in sorrow
Sunk are those Eyes, that once, where'er
they shone,
Could raise a Paradise of flow'rs around!
But now the flow'rs are faded on her brow:
Pale on her rainbow-vest the streaks di-
vine:
No wondering nations at her footstool bow;
Or Princes make their offerings at her
shrine.
Dark was the dreary night and loud the storm,
When I beheld the melancholy Maid;
And wild Despair, and Death, and every
Form
Of Fear the solitary haunt invade.
Slowly she rose, and sadly wav'd her hand —
"And is there left (she cry'd) no hope
for me,
No hope for me, in my lov'd native land,
Lov'd native land — The land of Liberty?
Should I alone of all the Sister-Arts
Be forc'd my antient honours to resign?
A painful exile driv'n to foreign parts,
With savage tribes, in savage haunts to
pine?
Yet me the Picture hails her guide; my page
The Sculptor's hand directs, my strains
inspire:
I form the Prince, the Patriot, and the Sage;
And tune to lofty Hymns the sacred lyre.
What is Cæcilia's boasted Art to mine?
Her senseless sounds, to my Cælestial lays?
To Reason's rule I frame her touches fine,
And higher still her Diapason raise.
Why should I to my sister Picture bend?
Have Milton's Michael* Julio's Gods out-
shone?
Can Angelo's Last Day with Young contend?
Vies Paolo's† Cato with my Addison?

The trembling Arts long fear'd the Thunder-
er's nod,

His awful brows lay unattempted long;
Till deathless Homer dar'd describe the God,
And Sculpture caught expression from the
Song!

Of old, in fair Creation's youthful day,
Ere man to venal arts had form'd his tongue,
What vigorous Sense and Fancy bad him say,
Assisted by my powerful aid he sung.

But since the race are dwindled, since their
hours

Are few and guilty on the darken'd earth,
Corrupted hearts, false tongues, and weaken'd
pow'rs

To cold and artificial Prose gave birth.

In those first days I reign'd in gorgeous pride,
And tow'rd Memphis heard my lyre re-
sound —

The Picture joyn'd, and Sculpture by her side,
To grace with emblem'd pomp the rites
profound.

Hail, antient Freedom, antient Glory, hail!
And hail, ye Suns, that blest'd my bright-
er days, [mail

When Athens saw me cloath her chiefs in
And bear them dauntless to the lists of
Praise!

The Graces met me by Ilyssus' wave,

Old Tyber next presents his stately views,
Till last, where Albion's rocks the tempest
brave, [tish Muse.

I came, and since am call'd the Bri-
And from that time, that time, that happy
Time [eyes,

When Albion's snowy cliffs first met mine
Than Mincius more or Arao's od'rous clime,
My Camus now, and Isis' bank I prize.

Yet there, ev'n there, ev'n in those sacred
seats

Rais'd to preserve the sacred Muse's lore,
My trees neglected yield but sickly sweets!
The British Muse pines on the British shore!

* The reader will find an account of the picture of Julio Romano here referred to, in Mon-
tesquieu's essay on taste.

† Rubens's head of Cato, in the possession of the right honourable the earl of Moira.

‡ Lucretius Lib. II. v. 212.

Oct. 1771.

Where are my Alfreds now? my Arthurs,
where?

Are all my rites forgot, my shrines effac'd?
Can I be ever ever banish'd, there

Where Freedom has her bright Pavilion
plac'd? [height

At that sad hour, when from old Snowdon's
I saw by barb'rous hands *my offspring slain,
What joy remain'd for me? What hope?
What light? reign.

Save distant gleams of Guelfo's glorious

Long had I lain beneath the gloomy shade,
But for those favourite Names, to whom I
lent

My skill, to whom my visions I convey'd,
And led them forth, the nation's ornament!

But chief, for that fam'd Line from Azzo
sprung [pray'r's allow,)

(Whom long may Heav'n to Britain's
I oft appear'd, Germania's states among,

And all unknown in Britain wander now!
And must I leave that race, for whom I chose

To twine the Chaplet of immortal Fame?
For whom I cropt whatever Pindus shows,

Or Peneus' bow'rs, or Pifa's honour'd
stream?

And must I Britain leave?—Can I forget,
While round her breast the guardian oceans
roll,

Her virtues, for the world's great pattern set?
Her honest eye transparent to the soul?

No—I can ne'er forget—forget to tell

In Selma, when† the feast of shells was high,
Where for the flaming hearth whole forests fell,
How honour'd, how carefs'd, how blest'd
was I!

There many a nymph array'd in Beauty's
smile,

And stripling trim my gambols joy'd to lead;
Aërial harps were sweetly heard the while,

And wanton Pleasures follick'd o'er the mead.

Next † Tityrus me woo'd (a reverend name)

Who tun'd his reed to many a courtly tale—

And Hawthornden's § sweet-piping Shepherd
came, [vale!

Whose loves enchanted Ora's beauteous

Then liberal Nature did to † One impart

All she could give to grace her fav'rite son.

His was each key that opes the human heart;

Himself a Muse—For he and I were one!

In later days, my presence || Collins sought,

He heard my voice, my Songs he made his
own;

My lyre he strung, my magic fire he caught,

Yet ah—how quick the tuneful Spirit's
flown!

* The slaughter of the Welsh bards by Edward the First.

† See Ossian's poems.

‡ Chaucer.

§ Drummond.

† Shakespeare.

|| Hampden.

** Brutus.

†† Spenser.

†† William Kervey died at Cambridge about the year 1642. He was lamented in a beautiful poem by Cowley.

And many more melov'd, and all admir'd
From earliest time to Glory's latest stage—
The Songs I sung, the Themes that I inspir'd,
The praise of Gods could Gods and men
engage.

Shall those, my sisters, born on me to wait,
My younger sisters, handmaids of the Nine,
Shall they usurp my throne, affect my state,
My state's port, and majesty divine?

Should I, who sung to Gods and Heroes old,
To Freedom's gen'rous sons e'er sue in vain?
I fir'd with gallant thoughts the chieftain
bold, [plain!

Who pour'd his life on Chalgrove's fatal

When the third Edward, borne on Virtue's car,
Scal'd the steep road to Glory's radiant
dome,

At Cressy I maintain'd th' unequal war,
And brought the warrior crown'd by Con-
quest home.

The Great of every age my pow'r adore,
Freedom's fam'd champion on ** Philip-
pi's field,

The lonely night my Odes repeating o'er,
His breast to deeds of noble daring steel'd!

Who will not turn his eye, where †† Colin pays
His funeral tear to generous Sydney's heroic?

Who can but look, when Cowley frames the
lays,

And †† Hervey shines all-glorious in the
[verse?

Still Akenfide the gentle Hastings sings,
And Mason finds a friend in D'Arcy still.
Forbid it, Virtue, that the best of kings
Alone should slight the Muse's heavenly
skill!

Forbid it, gracious Heav'n, forbid it, Truth,
Forbid it, Piety, forbid it, Fame,

Forbid it, Fate, that Guelfo's royal Youth
Should change for mimic fires my living
flame!

Yet, ev'n the savage tribes my influence own,
Beneath th' impetuous Sun, o'er realms of
snow,

From Zembla's sky to Delli's blazing throne—
Ev'n on the Tengllo-bank my roses blow!

My rapturous strain the chill Siberian hears,
The Arab harks, and turns his flying steed.

Me, in his forest, Chili's native hears,
For me, the generous sons of Bastia bleed!

For me, gay Light assumes its varying dyes,
And Nature opes her bosom of perfume.

I sooth the Virgin's care, the Matron's sighs;
And wake, to wond'rous life, the silent
tomb.

The hags, that guarded Gloriana's reign,
That oft their Spenser met at midnight
hour, [thane,
Those horrid hags that haunted Cawdor's
All crouch to me—All Nature feels my
power!

And is no place for me in Britain's isle?
Where once the festal night I could pro-
long,

And joy and glory grew beneath my smile,
And soft-cy'd Peace, and Freedom's match-
less song!

Is there no hope for me—She said no more—
But tears and sighs suppress'd the notes di-
vine.

All pale she fell upon the blighted shore.
To heal her woes, O mighty George, be
thine!

EPITAPH on Mr. POWELL's Monument
at Bristol.

THE monument represents Fame hold-
ing a medallion with a profile of
POWELL; over which is the following in-
scription.

WILLIAM POWELL, Esq;
One of the patentees of the theatre-royal,
Covent-Garden,
Died the 3d of July, 1769,
aged thirty-nine years.

His widow caused this monument to be
erected, as well to perpetuate his memory,
as her own irretrievable loss of the best of
husbands, fathers, and friends.

Beneath the above figure are the follow-
ing lines and signature.

BRISTOL! to worth and genius ever just,
To thee our POWELL's dear remains we
trust;

Soft as the stream thy sacred springs impart,
The milk of human kindness warm'd his
heart,

That heart which ev'ry tender feeling knew,
The soil where pity, love, and friendship grew.
Oh! let a faithful friend with grief sincere
Inscribe his tomb, and drop the heart-felt tear,
Here rest his praise, here found his noblest
fame!

—All else a bubble or an empty name.

G. COLMAN.

A THOUGHT.

Αἰὲν ἔστιν ἡ ζωὴ καὶ ὁ θάνατος.

*Omnium rerum vicissitudo, amor autem omni
tempore regit.*

IN Spring the fields with blooming flow'rs
abound; round;
The Summer, harvests; Autumn, fruits sur-
Grim Winter's overwhelm'd with frosts and
rains, [chains.
But lovers ever feel the weight of Beauty's

To a LADY going to bathe in the SEA.

VENUS, most histories agree,
Sprung from the ferment of the sea;

Yet, I confess, I'm always loth
To think such beauty was but froth;
Or that the ocean, which more odd is,
Should from a bubble form a goddess.
Tho' hence, my Laura, learned fellows
Of such its wond'rous pow'rs still tell us,
That every mother brings her daughter
To dip in this specific water;
Expecting from the briny wave
Charms which it once to Venus gave.
These charms, my Laura, strive to gain:
And, that you may not bathe in vain,
I'll here, as well as I am able,
Give you a moral to this fable.
Would you a goddess reign o'er all,
From the wide flood its virtues call.
Free from each stain thy bosom keep,
Clear be it as this azure deep,
Which no capricious passion knows,
But duely ebbs and duely flows:
Tho' some times ruffled, calm'd as soon,
Still constant to its faithful moon;
At whose approach with pride it swells,
And to each shore its chaste love tells;
Heedless of every change of weather,
That wafts a straw or coxcomb feather,
Which only on the surface play,
And unobserv'd are wash'd away.
Reflect, that lodged within its breast
The modest pearl delights to rest;
While every gem to Neptune known,
Is there with partial bounty sown—
In years, thus ever may we trace
Each sparkling charm, each blushing grace.
To these let judgment value give,
And in that seat of beauty live.
This moral keep before your eyes—
Plunge—and a new-born Venus rise.

On seeing Miss BURTON perform the Part of
ORIANA in The Inconstant at the Thea-
tre in Plymouth.

By a L A D Y.

MAY the fair Oriana, whose excellent
skill [will,
Can play with the passions, and lead them at
So charming in madness, so pleasingly gay,
That our smiles and our tears her commands
must obey. [tain;
May this girl of my heart all her wishes ob-
If she loves, may the youth be a true-hearted
swain; [fly
Not a Mirabel, skill'd to deceive, who would
While he laughs at the contract, to shun the
soft tie; [her heart,
On the stage of the world who would torture
To feel all those passions she feigns with such
art; [draw;
Not a rover as Farquhar's light fancy could
But who faithful and steady to honour's fix'd
law, [love,
Will her constant affection repay with such
As no sickness, no absence, no years can re-
move: [away,
With a flame that will brighten as time rolls
And will ne'er be extinguish'd in beauty's
decay;

X x x 2

Whose

Whose mind fraught with candor, and
friendship, and truth, [in youth.
Will esteem her in age, who has charm'd him

The SEASONS: a Song for the Ladies.

I.

WHEN Chloe first, with blooming
charms,

Invited lovers to her arms,

She look'd a dainty thing.

We saw her beauty, own'd her wit,

And, as the simile most fit,

We call'd the period, **SPRING.**

II.

The hasty moments pass'd away;

We saw her bright meridian day,

And woman's state become her:

The prudent mother, and the wife,

Diffus'd around her all the life,

And all the bliss of **SUMMER.**

III.

Advancing on in life's career,

The Maids to Chloe lent an ear,

And what she knew she taught 'em;

Her sage advice dispersing round,

Till every prudent Virgin found

The richest fruits of **AUTUMN.**

IV.

But Chloe's charms are faded quite;—

Yet honour can't allow it right,

Of well-earn'd praise to stint her;

For she who Summer well employs,

Will reap the Autumn's solid joys,

Nor dread the frost of **WINTER.**

M.

AUTUMNAL ODE.

SUMMER's glories are departing,

Gloomy Winter presses on,

Into life but lately starting,

Flow'rets say they must be gone.

Down the southern region stealing,

See the Sun a courting goes,

Like a fickle Lover dealing,

Leaves, but yet reluctance shews,

Permanence no where presenting,

Boasts itself in human thing,

Sternest, strongest, all relenting,

Novelties perpetual spring.

Little, scant, and ever failing,

Is the circumstance of Man,

Small his force and unavailing,

Ending just as it began.

O'er the sea of short existence

Various pleasures lure his sail,

Folly shortens every distance,

Hope, delusive hope! the gale,

Vigour, beauty, ever moving,

Visit every shape and size;

Here forsaking, there improving,

Men, beasts, fishes, fowls, and flies.

Blended in one common portion,

All are swept beneath the sky;

Say whereto this wide abortion,

Whither active spirits fly?

Just emerg'd to life surprizing,

Wond'ring intellectuals view,

Scenes, unthought by Poets, rising,

Strange as pencil ever drew!

Wild delights enwing their fancies,

In impassive life they play;

Swifter than the lightning glances,

Purer than the visual ray.

To this happy region tending,

Let me vigorous health employ;

Where no fear, no loss impending,

Joy can only change for joy.

Let no guilty sad reflection

Unremitting gnaw my mind;

Move my soul, in kind direction,

To the whole of human kind.

Innocence and truth combining,

Smile, if rage its thunders roll;

Fraud and malice ill designing,

Shock, but cannot wound the soul.

Thousand vices round us storming,

Ever-lasting warfare keep;

Providence the whole reforming,

Bids the individual weep.

But his tears are not forgotten

In a world on virtue's plan,

Snatch'd from all that's weak and rotten

Lives the here rejected man.

Earthly honours, pomp, and rattle,

How and where'er thrown,

Like a mark impress'd on cattle,

Prove us only not our own.

Pining under degradation,

Yet, all souls of human race

Ply their vain imagination,

Each to rise above his place.

But in different scale of being

Higher worth alone resides,

Where from vile corruption freeing,

Excellence of mind presides.

Spirit, then, its value tasting,

Rises mighty o'er this clod,

To extatic glories hasting,

In the presence of its God.

To the EDITOR.

SIR,

IF the poring over an old marble with a view to restore a lost date, to retrieve a brave man's name from oblivion, to fix a chronological æra, and to ascertain an historical fact, be deemed not only an innocent but an useful employment: if to save the broken members of a defaced statue, the work of a celebrated artist, be a proof of good taste; he that employs his time in preserving the best monuments of the dead, the efforts of genius, long neglected or forgotten, will have some claim to approbation from all lovers of learning.

I therefore send you two little articles written by Wm. Browne, one of the first of

our English poets, which have been long buried in obscurity. The man who was caressed, esteemed, and almost idolized by his contemporaries, by the learned Selden, the critical Johnson, and the much-esteemed Michael Drayton, is now almost unknown. The poets who flourished before the restoration, except Wm. Browne, were all revived at that era, and had due honours paid them. By an uncommon turn of fate, this divine writer, who possessed all the fine fancy of Spenser, and even the moral and pathetic touches of Shakespear, though perhaps in a degree not so elevated, has been lost amongst the sweepings of libraries, amongst dust and cobwebs, and is only known and cherished by the happy few, who studiously sought for whatever was curious and valuable.

Origin of Music; from Will. Browne's Britannia's Pastorals.

WHILOME great Pan, the father of our flocks,
Lov'd a faire lassie, so famous for her locks,
That in her time all women first begun
To lay their woven tresses to the sun. [ing,
And their's whose hue to her's was not agree-
Were still roll'd up, as hardly worth the seeing.
Fondly have some been led to think, that man

Music's invention first of all began [know,
From the dull hammer's stroke; since well we
From sure tradition, that hath taught us so,
Pan, sitting once to sport him with his fair,
Mark'd the intention of the gentle air [along,
In the sweet sound her chaste words brought
Fram'd by the repercussion of her tongue;
And from that harmony begun the art
Which others (tho' unjustly) do impart
To bright Apollo; from a meaner ground,
A sledge, or parched nerves; mean things to found

So rare an art on; when there might be given
All earth for matter with the gyre of heaven.

Pastoral Ode on the Death of a Friend.

By WILLIAM BROWNE.

GLIDE soft, ye silver floods,
And ev'ry spring;
Within the shady woods
Let no bird sing;
Nor from the grove a turtle-dove
Be seen to couple with her love;
But silence on each dale and mountain dwell,
Whilst Willy bids his friend and joy farewell.

But (of great Thetis' traine)
Ye mermaids fair,
That on the shore do plaine
Your sea-green hair,
As ye in tramels knit your locks,
Weep ye, and so inforce the rocks,
In heavy murmurs thro' the broad shores tell,
How Willy bids his friend and joy farewell.

Cease, cease, ye murd'ring winds,
To move a wave;
But if with troubled minds
Ye seek his grave,
Know, 'tis as various as yourselves,
Now in the deep, then on the shelves;
His coffin toss'd by fish and surges fell,
Whilst Willy weeps and bids all joy farewell.

Had he, Arion like,
Been judg'd to drowae,
He on his lute could strike
So rare a sowne,
A thousand dolphins would have come,
And jointly strove to bring him home;
For he on shipboard died, by sickness fell,
Since when his Willy bad all joy farewell.

Great Neptune, hear a swain!

His coffin take,
And with a golden chaine
(For pity) make
It fast unto a rock near land;
Where every calmy morne I'll stand,
And ere one sheep out of my fold I tell,
Sad Willy's pipe shall bid his friend farewell.

He who has read the justly-admired Lycidas of Milton, will be struck with a similarity of sentiment which occurs once or twice in two poems; but however the critics may determine with respect to Lycidas and this little ode, there is, among the Eclogues of W. Browne, an admirable Monody, in which he bewails the death of his friend Mr. Thomas Manhood. Milton certainly formed the plan of Lycidas upon Browne's Philarete.

I am, &c. A. B.

To the PRINTER, &c.

IT is a prevailing opinion that painters ought to understand anatomy; but this I take to be a vulgar error.

The painter's art makes resemblances of visible objects; now anatomical skill does not improve the visive faculty, nor doth it aid the painter to represent the object he sees.

Anatomy hath as little to do with painting as with music; it no more guides the hand of the painter than the fingers of the musician. It is probable, that Dr. Hunter cannot paint better than his footman; but, if the contrary should happen to be true, I aver that the Doctor is not obliged to his knife.

T. I.

QUESTION for the LONDON MAGAZINE.

A Man dying bequeaths his estate in the following manner: To his eldest son he leaves $\frac{1}{2}$ of the estate, to the next son, and to the youngest he leaves the second's share; minus $\frac{1}{12}$ of the whole estate. It is required to find the estate and the sons shares.

Aug. 29, 1771.

GIG.

THE

THE MONTHLY CHRONOLOGER.

THURSDAY, Sept. 26.

N closing the poll for bridge master, the election appeared in favour of Mr. Borwick, by a great majority.

SATURDAY, 28.

To-morrow being Michaelmas day, a common-hall was this day held at Guild-hall, for the election of a lord-mayor for the ensuing year. The new sheriffs, Messrs. Wilkes and Bull, (preceeded by a band of music and the Rev. Dr. Wilson, as master of the joiner's company, wearing a livery gown over his cassock) came into Guildhall, and were met there by Mr. Crosby, the lord-mayor, and the aldermen who were before assembled in the Council-Chamber; and by them conducted into the Council-Chamber.

At half an hour past twelve the Lord-Mayor and aldermen ascended the hustings. As they came forwards, Mr. Nash, Mr. Townsend, and Mr. Sawbridge were hissed; whilst Mr. Crosby, Mr. Wilkes and Mr. Bull were huzzaced. After proclamation for silence, the sheriffs and deputy sheriffs were sworn; after which the Lord-Mayor, aldermen and sheriffs retired to the Council-Chamber, and from thence to church.

At two they returned again to the hustings. After proclamation for silence, the recorder came forward, and opened the hall, as is usual upon these occasions. When the recorder had finished, Mr. Alderman Sawbridge addressed the livery in the following words.

"Gentlemen of the Livery,

My conduct has of late been repeatedly arraigned by an anonymous writer of paragraphs in the news-papers. This I should continue to treat with silent contempt, did I not perceive it had made an impression to my disadvantage on the minds of some honest men, whose good opinion an honest man would wish to preserve. It is therefore I call on this inventor of intelligence to the public, who is not less known for not having signed his name, and who is now present in the hall, to stand forth and become my accuser; and I defy him to shew a single instance in which I have betrayed or deserted the public cause.

Gentlemen, I have bestowed no small sum of money, I have endangered my life, I have impaired my health in the service of my fellow-citizens: In return I have been hissed at and branded for a traitor. Of this I do not accuse you, gentlemen of the livery; I have always thought you too generous to insult a man who never offended you; too just to condemn a man without giving

him an opportunity of being heard in his defence. I only mention it to assure you, at the same time, that though it may deter others from engaging, it shall not deter me from persisting in so excellent a cause as that of legal liberty.

I cannot sit down without once more calling on this writer of paragraphs, or any other gentleman, to declare in what instance through my whole life, I have, as a public man, betrayed the rights of the people; as a private man been guilty of a dishonest or dishonourable action."

Mr. Wilkes not coming forward, as seemed to be expected upon this evident charge, Mr. Alderman Townsend next addressed the livery *literally* as follows:

"Gentlemen,

As I suppose it is expected from me upon this occasion, and as I think I owe it to myself and to you, I shall, with your permission, speak a few words to you.

I will neither address you with flattery nor professions. I shall speak to you very plainly. I desire that my sentiments may be clearly understood by you; and am glad of this opportunity to understand yours: for I make a wide distinction between the ill behaviour of a few persons, and the sense of the livery at large.

This time twelvemonth I received in this place, together with my worthy friend and colleague Mr. Sawbridge, your unanimous thanks; and, without any solicitation from me, was unanimously elected by you one of the two candidates to be returned to the court of aldermen for the choice of a Lord-Mayor. — Nothing has happened since that time, except one year more of faithful service on my part.

I am not sorry for the arts which have been used to prejudice me in your opinion; for they have been so gross, and the motives of them so evident, that if you can be imposed upon by them I shall never expect your confidence. If my past conduct has not deserved it, my future never can.

When I first began to pursue the public path, I thought I set my foot upon a rock; and I am not yet convinced that I set it on a quicksand: for I am firmly persuaded the livery of London do not lightly change their opinion of an honest man; but that they expect some better proof against his integrity, than the anonymous charges and accusations of a mercenary and most unprincipled impostor."

When Mr. Townsend had finished, Mr. Alderman Nash addressed the livery thus.

"Gentlemen,

"Gentlemen,

I think it my duty, on this occasion, to speak a few words to you; but shall take up little of your time. The reason which makes me ask your favour at this time, is, that I am one of the aldermen next in turn for this office. It would ill become me to boast of any thing I have done; but I do assure you that if I am elected to this office, I will faithfully discharge the duties of it, and honestly execute the trust you shall put in me. I leave my cause in your hands. If I do not meet with your approbation, I shall cheerfully submit; and whatever your determination is, it will not be disagreeable to me."

The aldermen then withdrew, and the sheriffs put up the candidates separately. But the friends of the respective parties having thought proper to join them in the following manner, viz. Crosby and Sawbridge, Nash and Hallifax, Townsend and Sawbridge, the show of hands appeared in favour of Crosby, and Sawbridge. A poll being demanded on behalf of Messrs. Nash, Hallifax, Townsend, Sawbridge, Crosby, and Sir Henry Bankes; the same was opened at half an hour after three, and was to continue till half an hour after four.

Mr. Allen being in the balcony, attempted to address the livery from thence, which some people objecting to, he got upon the hustings, and began, after making an apology, to the following effect: "Gentlemen, so young a liveryman as I am, I cannot be supposed to be perfectly master of the rules of this hall; if therefore, through inadvertency, I should be guilty of any disorder, I hope the uprightness of my intentions will plead my excuse, and prevail upon you, in some measure, to grant me your indulgence." The excuse pleased them so much, that there was a general clap. He then complimented them with saying, "That notwithstanding the reflections which had been cast upon them, by a set of miscreants at the other end of the town, and the epithets of base-born and scum of the earth, which had been most bountifully bestowed upon them, he should ever esteem it as an honour to be considered as one of that body of men who had hitherto distinguished themselves, not as a venal and corrupt, but a virtuous, independent set of people. He recommended to them to be extremely circumspect whom they trusted in these times. The critical situation of affairs rendered it absolutely necessary, that they should be unanimous in joining against the common enemy." Speaking of the arbitrary measures of government, he said, that he did not attribute them to the king, whose heart was much too good of itself, either to agree to the planning or executing of them." He took notice of the inattention which had been paid to justice in the west, and mentioned her as a "lady deserted, nay, per-

cuted so far in the west, where every door was shut in her face; that she was obliged to take refuge somewhere else. She turned her face towards the east. The gates of your city were open unto her. She embraced the opportunity, and fled into the arms of your magistrates, which were expanded ready to receive her. He recounted all the proceedings at the Mansion-house on the 15th of March last, and paid great compliments to the magistrates on that occasion; and concluded with recommending unanimity to them, that as they all pointed to the same obelisk, he hoped that little disputes would not prevent their meeting in the end." Upon the whole, he spoke in a moderate and conciliating manner, and defined the privileges of the House of Commons, without so much as making the slightest mention of his own case.

TUESDAY, OCT. 1.

The committee of the livery at the Paul's-Head Tavern, in support of the right hon. the Lord-Mayor and Mr. Alderman Sawbridge, lamenting the difference among the popular candidates, readily embraced an overture from Mr. Townsend's friends, to treat with Mr. Townsend upon his declining the poll, his interest being manifestly too weak to have any other effect but that of injuring the public cause. With this view they appointed a committee to wait upon Mr. Townsend, with the proposal that follows, which, with his answer, they now submit to the candour of the public.

(C O P Y)

Sept. 30, 1771.

At a meeting of many of the livery of London this day at the Paul's-Head Tavern, it was resolved that an application should be made to Mr. Alderman Townsend requesting him to decline the poll as one of the candidates to be returned to the court of aldermen for their choice of Lord-Mayor for the year ensuing, in favour of the Right Hon. Brads Crosby, Esq. and John Sawbridge, Esq. and we whose names are here under written were desired to wait on Mr. Alderman Townsend with the said request.

Copy of Mr. TOWNSEND'S Answer.

"I have declared my sentiments very fully in Common-Hall, which have been correctly printed in this day's Public Advertiser. I have no favour to ask, nor any benefit to receive. The livery of London may if they please abandon their consistency. My integrity, dearer to me than my life, has never yet been impeached. Let the kingdom judge between us. I will not decline the poll.

Fenchurch-Street, Lon-

don, Monday, Sept. JA. TOWNSEND."

30, 1771.

WEDNESDAY, 2.

This day Mr. Eyres a man of property who has apartments in Salisbury-court, was committed to Wood-Street-Compter by Mr. Alderman

derman Halifax at Guildhall, for privately stealing out of a room three quires of writing-paper, which were found upon him; on searching his lodgings, there were discovered in a box eight quires more of the same sort of paper, which had been marked privately for the discovery of the thief. He has attended the Justice-Room a long time past, from a desire of learning the business of a magistrate, saying he was soon to be appointed a justice of the peace. Paper has often been missed, and the persons belonging to the hall have at divers times been charged with taking it away.

Mr. Nash, who was the only candidate that attended on the hustings during the poll, was grossly ill treated on his return from thence this day, by the populace: and had not Mr. Wilkes taken him away in his chariot, the consequences might have been fatal.

SATURDAY, 5.

At the final close of the poll this day the numbers stood thus:

	Sat.	M.	Tu.	Wed.	Th.	Frid.	Sat.
A. Nash	83	320	740	366	1716	1959	2169
A. Saw.	98	154	307	371	1245	1574	1879
L. May.	79	142	270	344	1142	1463	1795
Al. Hal.	13	62	314	161	649	752	846
A. Tow.	27	26	42	15	121	136	151
Sir H.B.	3	10	11	3	10	35	36

The same evening the following letter appeared in the public papers.

Guildhall, Saturday afternoon, Oct. 5.

To the Aldermen Townsend and Sawbridge.

"Gentlemen,

The poll for the election of a Lord-Mayor, in which you were candidates, and I one of the returning officers, being now closed, it is no longer either indecent or invidious in me to take notice of a personal altercation, which you began. Your speeches on the first day of the poll I should have passed over as exceedingly injudicious and palpably absurd; for surely to complain to a common-hall of *anonymous paragraph-writers* was a ridicule of the first stamp. You well know it is not usual to authenticate *paragraphs* with the name of the author. But although at that time you pointed no charge against me personally, you have frequently since, in several not very private conversations, and your friends are instructed to declare that you meant Mr. Wilkes. It would have been more manly to have named him, when he was present. If any grave or weighty accusation had been made against you by any person, you ought to have refuted it at the bar of the public, anonymously or with your names, according to the nature of the case. If a frivolous or peevish article appeared, a noble contempt had best become you.

In my opinion, gentlemen, when you brought such a complaint before so respectable an audience, you ought not to have trifled with them. You should have specified the particular *paragraph*, which so greatly galled

you, named the author, and produced your evidence. I have now for above three years known you encourage *anonymous paragraphs*, letters, essays, queries, &c. furnish part of the matter, and applaud the execution. It is not difficult to assign the cause of this total change of your sentiments. For my own part, I declare that ever since I became a public man, I have truly and faithfully informed the public of every affair interesting to them, in regard to myself and all others, with whom I was connected: I will steadily persevere in the same line of conduct to the last moment of my political career, equally with respect to you both, to all others, and to myself, truth being the sole guide of my pen. I call upon you both to prove that I have ever written a falsehood.

I am, gentlemen,

Your humble servant,

JOHN WILKES."

MONDAY, 7.

This evening about eight o'clock, a most dreadful fire broke out at a cork-cutter's, the corner of Ironmonger-row, Old-street road; the wind being high, soon communicated the flames to the house contiguous, from thence they spread to the Bowl and Pin, and then to the houses behind, which were destroyed and damaged, to the number of about thirteen houses. No water could be procured for some time in any degree sufficient to quench the flames, and had not the wind shifted soon after the fire began, all New-street must have been consumed. As the flames were soon seen all over London, engines from the most distant parts attended, and a most amazing crowd assembled. Part of the wall which surrounded the churchyard of St. Luke's church, Old-street, fell down, by the weight of the people that were upon it to see the fire, when one man was killed and several greatly hurt.

TUESDAY, 8.

This day the sheriffs made their return to the court of aldermen of the two gentlemen elected by the livery for one of them to be Lord Mayor for the ensuing year, when the court was pleased to make choice of Mr. Alderman Nash, who was declared duly elected accordingly.

After the Recorder had declared the election which the court of aldermen had made, the Lord Mayor Elect being invested with the gold chain, then addressed the audience as follows:

"Gentlemen of the livery,

I beg leave to return you my thanks for the high honour you have conferred upon me by chusing me your chief magistrate for the year ensuing.

When I consider the dignity and importance of that exalted station, I cannot help reflecting how unequal I am to the great and arduous task.

But, gentlemen, if a sacrifice of my pri-

vate

vate concerns, by a constant attendance on the duties of the office; if a strict and impartial administration of justice; if a watchful attention to the franchises, interest, and prosperity of my fellow-citizens, can merit your esteem, you may be assured of my utmost endeavours to deserve it; and in which, as I have the example, so I hope I shall have the kind assistance of my brethren.

Providence having crowned my industry with an independent fortune, I am determined to be an independent magistrate, uninfluenced by any motives that may lead me from the public service to my own advantage.

I cannot conclude without publicly acknowledging my obligations to my Lord Mayor and the Sheriffs, for their ready attention to the preservation of the peace, and the security of my person in coming to, and going from this place, during the poll.

The Lord Mayor followed Mr. Alderman Nash, and returned his thanks to the livery for all their favours, particularly for their late numerous appearance for him on the election. He told them, in the situation of an alderman, he would be equally attentive to the rights, liberties, and franchises of the city, and concluded with these words, (which made the hall echo with applause) "One thing, gentlemen, you may always be sure of, I have an honest heart, and shall never deceive you."

Mr. Sheriff Wilkes then came forward, and addressing the livery, told them, "That as it had been alluded to the last common-hall, that he was the inventor of defamatory paragraphs, which appeared from time to time in the news-papers, he now called upon any gentleman for the proof, as he would wish to acquit himself honourably before so respectable a tribunal."

Upon this Mr. Alderman Townsend appeared. He said, that "when he made use of the insinuation respecting paragraph-writers last common-hall, he certainly did mean Mr. Wilkes; and the only way Mr. Wilkes had to clear himself of this charge, was to write a letter to Mr. Woodfall, printer of the Public Advertiser, desiring him to make oath that Mr. Wilkes never did write a paragraph in his paper, tending to his defamation." The livery thought this an unfair method of proceeding in Mr. Alderman Townsend, and resented it with hisses, which, as soon as they a-while subsided, Mr. Wilkes answered.

He told the livery that "It is true he had wrote many paragraphs in news-papers for particular occasions, and in conjunction with the worthy alderman who made the charge; but these paragraphs were for the public good, either to alarm the citizens of their danger, or to make public some anticonstitutional act, which he thought became every good citizen who watched for the public

safety; but, continues Mr. Wilkes, since the worthy Alderman has begun charging he will give me leave to charge in turn—there are three things therefore which I have to charge the alderman with, which are these:

First, when the report was circulated of his having accepted a contract, it is true the Alderman denied it, but then I wanted him to do so in future, and to pledge himself to the publick he never would accept a contract—which he refused.

The second was in respect to press-warrants, which I look upon to be little better than limbs of general-warrants. This worthy Alderman was the next on the rota, and though properly summoned to appear, when he knew impressed men would have been brought before him, he disobeyed the summons, and thereby neglected to perform an essential service to his country. The third, for deserting the cause of the printers."

To these charges Mr. Townsend repeatedly attempted to answer, but was as often prevented by hisses and groans. The Lord Mayor and Mr. Alderman Turner addressed themselves to the livery, desiring they would permit Mr. Townsend to be heard. Peace being at length restored, Mr. Townsend said, that he might as well declare he would not steal, as that he would not accept of a contract; for as he supposed no man suspected he would be guilty of the first, so he thought it unnecessary to declare the latter; that as to his non-attendance at Guildhall, the rota was expired; that he was out of town at the time a special summons was left at his house, that he did not receive such summons till the day after, otherwise he should have attended. That the plan concerning the printers was his own, and a favourite one, and that though not conducted entirely according to his plan, yet he did support it at the risk of his life, by leaving his bed when covered with blisters, to speak in favour of the measure in the House of Commons.

Mr. Alderman Sawbridge then came forward, and after thanking the livery for their late appearance for him, "lamented the unhappy differences that subsisted among men who seemed to profess one general aim; that, for his part, they were measures he pursued, not men; and though it should be his brother who fell off from his principles, he would for ever discard him as his colleague. As to Mr. Wilkes (continues the alderman) he himself best knows whether he ever defamed my character in the public papers.—I did not mean him by my insinuation last common hall; but if he is the man, I am now here, let him bring forth his proofs."

Mr. Wilkes made a short reply to the Alderman, in which he paid Mr. Sawbridge's public character many compliments; and said, that, as the Alderman expressed himself in so candid and manly a manner, he

X y y

would

would now declare, he never did insert a single paragraph to that gentleman's disadvantage in his life; and that the only fault he ever found with him, was for associating with persons who were forming a faction, and whom he had strong reasons to believe, were declining in their warmth for the public cause."

Alderman Sawbridge made a short reply, in which he only observed, "he despised the word faction, and that it was because he would not become one of a faction, made him sometimes levelled at in the public prints."

Mr. Wilkes then declared his great respect for Mr. Sawbridge; that that gentleman's friends in general thought favourably of him; and, as a proof of his own opinion of his integrity and abilities, he had that day voted in the council-chamber for his being Lord-Mayor.

This day the City Solicitor filed informations of disfranchisement in the mayor's court against the master and wardens of the three refractory companies of Goldsmiths, Grocers, and Weavers, for refusing to obey the Lord-Mayor's precept for a common-hall. Mr. Alderman Plumbe, as late master of the Goldsmith's company, is one of the delinquents.

THURSDAY, 10.

At a court of common-council the watch-rate was settled for the year ensuing. As soon as that business was finished, the Lord-Mayor read the adjourned motion of the cups, upon which a silence of some minutes ensued, when Mr. Deputy Paterfon rose up, and said, as his lordship was in the chair, he thought it would be more delicate towards him to adjourn the consideration of it to the next mayoralty, and moved such adjournment accordingly. Mr. Reynolds then rose up, and spoke against the adjournment, complimenting the gentlemen for whom the cups were intended, and hoped there was not a man so hardened as to give his vote against them. The question was then put; on the holding up of hands the numbers appearing equal, the Lord Mayor desired the hands to be held up again: The doors not being locked five members came into court; upon which some confusion ensued, and an objection being made to their voting, as they were not present when the question was put, Mr. Alderman Townsend proposed it should be considered as a new question, that those gentlemen might have an opportunity of speaking their sentiments and giving their votes, which was agreed to, and the question was accordingly read.

Mr. Townsend then got up and said, he could not let the question pass without speaking his sentiments; that he sincerely wished the Lord-Mayor had, as he ought, prevented so painful a debate as this must necessarily be; that the question was, whether the al-

dermen of the city of London should divide the cash of the city. That if he was the only man, he would give upon that question his negative to it; but he did not consider it as an act of the livery of London, for though there had been several committees to settle the other parts of the business of the hall, it had never been mentioned to any one till the minute it was proposed by a gentleman, who, though very respectable in himself, was no resident in, nor much known, either in the city or this court; that no man respected the magistrates, who really acted upon their oaths, more than he did, or was more ready to pay them compliments; but if there was a man who acted upon other principles, who was a party in perjury and collusive convictions, that man was so far from deserving favour, that he was unworthy to continue among them. As to the present question, he should certainly vote for it, but wished the motion had been to adjourn the business *fine die*; for it was highly unbecoming that court ever to debate upon a business which they could not carry into execution without disgracing themselves, or to think of giving that to their magistrates which no honest man could wish to receive.

Mr. Wilkes then got up, and desired Mr. Townsend to name the man, and make his charge, and he was there ready to defend it; that it was an impudent falsehood; and it was an impudent falsehood that that magistrate had told G. Bellas, at Farnham, with Mr. Horne, that he had received 200l. from Mr. Reynolds to make him town-clerk. This caused a tumult in the court, and one of the common-council desired they might not be interrupted with business that did not relate to them. Deputy Wilson said, he hoped they would put a negative upon the question, for if they should once make such a precedent, the chamber of London would soon be rained, for craving patriots would never be wanting to share the estates of the city of London; but if they were determined to give cups, he hoped they would add balls to them. Several gentlemen were for making them cups of gold, and setting them with diamonds; but upon the division there appeared 61 for the adjournment, 59 against it. The Aldermen Allop, Peers, Hallifax, Esdaile, Kennet, and Townsend, were in the majority—Mr. Wilkes and Mr. Oliver did not vote. Reynolds and Camm were tellers for Mr. Wilkes, Paterfon and Wilson for the city of London.

The Lord-Mayor reported the encroachments upon the Thames, and that he had adjourned the court of Conservancy to the 31st of this month; the report was referred to the Durham-yard committee.

MONDAY, 14.

This morning between three and four o'clock,

PATRIOTICK METEORS



Critus acta probat

o'cle
out
attac
boy
into
The
(who
going
a cor
the
went
the
the
cart,
took
whie
went
one o
ed th
then
acqu
who
in the
came
quain
they
not to
him;
mail,
thing
Cor
the fl
the wi
low t
ran fo
part of
them
ty bro
from
hithe,
be dro
Grave
of sma
ver, an
&c. flo

Jam
at the
Madric
One
to a far
Forest,
and go
Esq. at
to deat
above
lofs is
young
in town
the pari
this fier
seized th
three be
on the f
to the a



o'clock, as the North mail carriage going out was got near Endfield, the post boy was attacked by two footpads, who took the post boy down from his seat, and drove the cart into Houns-Fields, near Ponder's-End. They took the post boy and a young man (whom he had taken on the road that was going a filching,) and tied them together with a cord, and led them a great distance from the cart, where they left them. They then went to the cart, took the horses out, cut the belly-bands and turned them loose into the field; then cut off the top of the mail cart, (which was a new one) with an axe; took out all the bags except one little one, which lay at one corner of the cart, and went off with them. About two hours after, one of the boys got his hands at liberty, untied the rope that they were fastened with; then went to the post-house at Endfield, and acquainted their master with what happened, who found the horses grazing, and the cart in the field. He sent the cart to town, and came himself to the general post-office, to acquaint the secretary of the robbery. When they attacked the post boy, they told him not to be frightened, as they would not hurt him; for all they wanted they said was the mail, as they knew that there was something in it very valuable.

Considerable damage was sustained among the shipping, occasioned by the violence of the wind; a Dutch vessel, lying a little below the tower, broke from her mooring, ran foul of a tier of ships, and carried away part of the rigging belonging to several of them; however, she was with great difficulty brought to, and secured. The ferry-boat from Ratcliff-Stairs to Globe-Stairs, Rotherhithe, was overset, and six people are said to be drowned. A gentleman (who came from Gravesend on Sunday night) saw a number of small craft on shore in coming up the river, and several oars, yards, pieces of masts, &c. floating on the channel.

THURSDAY, 17.

James Harris Esq. his majesty's envoy at the court of Spain, arrived in town from Madrid.

One day last week a fierce bull, belonging to a farmer at Wingfield Plain, near Windsor Forest, broke out of the farmer's grounds, and got into the field of ——— Batson, Esq. at that place, and gored five of his horses to death, and almost killed another; the above were fine stout coach-horses, and the loss is very considerable. On Sunday five young men who belonged to a master builder in town, and work at a gentleman's house in the parish of Wingfield, undertook to tame this fierce animal; accordingly two of them seized the bull by the tail, while the other three belaboured him with good oaken sticks on the sides, that he lay as quiet as a lamb, to the amazement of all the country fellows,

none of whom dared to undertake so dangerous an enterprize; the bull is since dead of his bruises.

FRIDAY, 18.

The following letter from the sheriffs to the keeper of Newgate, was published in the papers this morning.

Mr. Reynolds's office, No. 39.

S I R, Lime-Street, Oct. 16, 1771.

"WE are very well satisfied with your general conduct in the office you hold under us, and in particular with the humanity you always shew to the unhappy persons under your care. There are however two glaring abuses of importance, which we are determined to rectify at the ensuing sessions on Wednesday next, and all the subsequent sessions during our sheriffalty.

The first is the prisoners remaining in irons at the time of arraignment and trial. This we conceive to be equally repugnant to the laws of England and of humanity. Every person at so critical a moment ought to be without any bodily pain or restraint, that the mind may be perfectly free to deliberate on its most interesting and awful concerns in so alarming a situation. It is cruelty to aggravate the feelings of the unhappy in a state of such distraction; and injustice to deprive them of any advantage for the defence of supposed innocence, by calling off the attention by bodily torture, at the great moment, when the full exertion of every faculty is most wanted. No man in England ought to be compelled to plead while in chains. We therefore are determined to abolish the present illegal and inhuman practice; and we direct you to take off the irons before any prisoner is set to the bar, either for arraignment or trial.

The other abuse we are determined to reform, is the taking of money for admission into the court at the Old-Bailly. This, likewise, we hold to be contrary to law. It is one of the most glorious privileges of this nation, that our courts of justice must always be open and free, that no judicial proceedings can be had in a secret, clandestine manner, but that the conduct of the judges, juries, and witnesses, is submitted to the eye of a judicious and impartial public, without any expences, fee, or gratification whatever. We need not enumerate to you the constant complaints made on this subject every sessions, and the tumults occasioned by the exactions of the officers, &c. We have given orders to our officers to admit *gratis* all persons, who behave with decency, into any part of the court, not particularly assigned to the judges, aldermen, grand and petty juries, witnesses, or officers of the court. We expect the like orders from you to all your servants. To inform the public of this regulation, we desire you to affix the following words in large letters on the several entrances into the court,

Y y y 2

"No

"No money is to be taken for admission into any part of this court of justice."

We are, Sir,

Your humble Servants,

To Mr. Richard Akerman, JOHN WILKES.
keeper of Newgate. FRED. BULL.

SATURDAY, 19.

This morning the Lord-Mayor and sheriffs of London arrived at Rochester in order to take up their freedom, which had been first voted to the Lord-Mayor, when he did this city the honour of a visit upon the business of the conservancy; an unanimous resolution to confer the same on the present sheriffs, past in the mayoralty of Mr. Hulkers. They were met at Rochester by the worthy and patriotic representative of that city, Mr. Calcraft, and received with every mark of esteem and regard by the citizens.

After the ceremony of the admission to the freedom of the city, the Lord-Mayor and sheriffs returned their thanks in very spirited speeches to the mayor and corporation, for the distinguished marks of favour which they then had the honour to receive. Mr. Calcraft took that publick opportunity of testifying his intire assent and concurrence to that day's business, professed his regard for the gentlemen whom the city had thus honoured and pledged himself for the support of every measure in vindication of our violated rights and liberties. After the ceremony they were conducted by the mayor and corporation in their formalities to the Crown Tavern, where an elegant dinner was provided by the city. At seven the Lord-Mayor and sheriffs, attended by Mr. Calcraft, set out for Ingres, Mr. Calcraft's seat.

MONDAY, 21.

We hear from Gloucestershire, that in levelling the ground in the Chipping, at Tetbury, the workmen found two Roman coins, one of the middle brass, of Constantine the great.—The legend on the head side is—IMP. CONSTANTINUS P. AVG.—On the reverse is the figure of a man with a kind of coroner, representing the sun. The legend—SOLI INVICTO.—The other coin is likewise of the middle brass, or somewhat larger, in a good preservation, of Magnentius the tyrant, who destroyed Constans, the son of Constantine, from whom he had received great favours. On the head side of this the inscription is—D. N. MAGNENTIUS P. F. AVG. On the other there is a Monogram of Christ; an Alpha on one side of it, and an Omega on the other. The inscription is—SALUS D. D. N. N. AVG. ET CÆS. with AMB. under the Monogram. From these and many other coins frequently found there, we may suppose that Tetbury was a Roman station, and little inferior in antiquity to any town in this county.

TUESDAY, 22.

The right hon. the Lord-Mayor gave an elegant entertainment at the Mansion-House

to the members of the society of the bill of rights, when the following gentlemen were present.—The Lord-Mayor, Sir Joseph Mawbey, Bart. Mr. Sheriff Wilkes, Mr. Sheriff Bull, Bullock, Hitch, Adair, Dr. Vaughan, P. Hitch, Arthur, House, Turner, Sayre, Lee, Chilwell, Reynolds, Connell, James, H. Wilkes, Mason, Phipps, Churchill, Johnson, Neat, Hayley, Allen, John Mawbey, Dr. Wilson, Baldy, Smith, Lowry, Dayrell, Rhodes, Crompton, Webb, Staveley, Crawdon, Green, Martyn, Lycett, Watts, Jacob, Moore, Saxby. The Lord-Mayor received excuses from upwards of thirty members.

There being a strong spring tide, the flood-gates at Greenland dock were forced open, several ships were driven from their moorings into the dock; and considerable damage was done.

The duke of Northumberland has at this time a tea-tree in full flower. It is the first that ever flowered in Europe. This shrub grows from cuttings like a willow, and probably it will prove hardy enough for the open air with us; if so, as it is a very quick grower, we may soon have tea of our own production, and save some of our silver.

FRIDAY, 25.

Being the anniversary of his majesty's accession to the throne, and the commencement of the twelfth year of his reign, the morning was ushered in with the ringing of bells; at noon the park and Tower-guns were fired, and the day was observed at court as usual. The Lord Chancellor, and several other of the nobility, &c. arrived in Town on Thursday from their respective country seats, in order to be present at St. James's yesterday to pay their compliments to his majesty. The Lord-Mayor went in great pomp to St. Paul's, attended by his officers and Mr. Sheriff Bull. Mr. Sheriff Wilkes continued the whole day on the duty at the Old-Bailey, which was a remarkable scene of riot and confusion. The sheriffs' letter to Mr. Akerman brought the rabble together from every part of the town; the galleries however were the only parts they were admitted in: every avenue was so surrounded by these gentry, that it was with the utmost difficulty those who had business in the court could get to it: they were so turbulent and unruly in the galleries, that the city-marshal was obliged to go up and turn several of them out; and soon after him the under-sheriff, Mr. Reynolds, who at last thought proper to lock the door and keep the key. Frequent attempts were made by the mob to force into the hall *vi et armis*: the court however knew their authority, and kept up their dignity, when a Mr. Miller of Wood-street, in spite of the utmost efforts of one of the door-keepers, had forced his way in. The court enquired into the occasion of the noise; the door-keeper made his complaint, and Mr. Miller was desired

fired to walk forward. Upon being asked by Mr. Recorder if he had any business there, or wanted any body either upon the bench, or at the table, he replied in the negative; "Then, sir, (says the Recorder) you have not acted like a gentleman; nor you, nor any man, has a right to force into this court: it is a gross misbehaviour; however, we are inclined to pass it over this time, but do expect that you withdraw immediately." Mr. Miller made his bow, and retired.

Last Wednesday, Judge Gould declared from the bench, he never saw so much irregularity in a court of justice in his life as there was at this time.

So far are the prisoners in general from thinking that taking off their irons (while they are tried) any indulgence, that several of them made a particular request to the court to permit them to be tried with their irons on, declaring the incumbrance so very trifling, they had much rather submit to it than be at the trouble of having them knocked off and rivetted on again.

THURSDAY, Sept. 26.

Yesterday a committee of merchants, deputed by the corporation of Dublin, waited on the right hon. the Lord-Mayor, and presented the following resolutions, as a testimony of their gratitude for his conduct and perseverance in their cause of liberty; which will serve to shew the sense that city have of his lordship, as a magistrate and patriot.

At the Guildhall, on the 15th of July, 1771, being public quarter-day of the guild of merchants, Dublin, the following resolutions were agreed to.

Resolved, That it is the opinion of this Guild, that the freedom of the press is one of the chief bulwarks of the constitutional liberties of these kingdoms.

Resolved, That the sincere thanks of this Guild be presented to the Right Honourable Brads Crosby, Esq; Lord-Mayor of the city of London, John Wilkes, and Richard Oliver, Esqrs. aldermen of the same, for their upright and manly perseverance in the cause of constitutional liberty, particularly manifested by their spirited and successful endeavours in rescuing the printers of London from the arbitrary and despotic hands of illicit power, and thereby securing the peace, honour and dignity of that great city, and these kingdoms.

A M E R I C A.

Extract of a Letter from Hartford, in Connecticut (New-England) dated July 26.

"Thomas Brown, of this place, hath lately discovered a way through the woods from Montreal to the settlements on the west side of Connecticut river, at a place called Waits Town, above Dr. Wheelock's College. He set out from Montreal on the 8th of June last with 19 horses, seven French-

men, and two Indians; crossed the River Lacol, at a place called Nut-Island, thence travelled six days on good feazeable land for a road, and headed the Bay of Missisque, and from thence a south east course till he came to Connecticut river aforesaid, was 15 days in the woods, and brought in all his horses well, and from thence to Hartford; he made such remarks and discoveries on his way, as that he can with suitable encouragement easily find and open a communication by land from Montreal and Quebec to Connecticut River, in the distance of about 200 miles, and that after a suitable road is cleared, it might be travelled in the space of five or six days."

Advice is received by the last ships from Antigua, that on a late trial there before the Hon. Stephen Blizard, Esq. chief justice of the common pleas, when the jury had brought in their verdict, the chief justice refused to take the verdict, and found great fault with it. The jury persisting unanimously in the verdict they had given, he declared it should not be recorded; for that it was contrary to honour, honesty, and common sense: whereupon the jury immediately quitted the court, and Mr. John Burke, one of the counsel, and a member likewise of the assembly, declared in the court that he would impeach the chief justice before the council and assembly of that island at their first meeting. The gentlemen of the jury, who are the principal people of the island, have also instructed Mr. Glanville, another young counsel, and a member of the assembly, to assist Mr. Burke in the impeachment. It is supposed this matter will shortly be discussed in England.

MARRIAGES.

Sept. 24. **M**R. Lewis Way, — Surgeon to Guy's hospital, to Miss Richardson, — Mr. Dykes, Clothier, to Miss Aubin, — Dr. Bates, to Miss Miles, — Sir Robert Rich, Bart. to Mrs. Elizabeth Williams — Capt. Shearer, to Miss Polly Shaw, 26. at the Quakers, Meeting-house, Gracechurch street, John Fothergill, Ironmonger of Leeds in Yorkshire, to Mary Anne Forbes — Mr. William Beech, apothecary, to Mrs. Seeadman — Thomas More, Esq; to Miss Butler — Mr. William Bleamire, attorney, to Miss Whitbourne — Mr. Rowles, merchant, to Miss Eacles — Mr. Eacles, brother to the above lady, to Miss Rowles, sister to the above Mr. Rowles — 29. James Gilbert, Esq; to Miss Elizabeth Gill — Mr. Burnett, distiller to Miss Davidson — 31. James McDonald, Esq; to Miss Maria Simpson.

Oct. 1. Nathaniel Hemmings, Esq; to Miss Elizabeth Clayton — 2. Samuel Bilson, Esq; to Miss Mary Spencer — The Rev. Dr. Blackstone, to Miss Brereton — The Hon. Captain Digby to a daughter of the earl of Litchfield,

Litchfield, who is own brother to Mrs. Digby—4. Matthew Butterworth, Esq; to Miss Ann Elizabeth Johnson—Mr. Henry Avery, leather-seller, to Miss Elizabeth Medcalf—The right hon. earl of Tankerville to Miss Colebrooke—6. William Horton, Esq; to Miss Sarah Gold—9. John Wightwick, Esq; to Miss Browne—Mr. John Wright, builder to Mrs. Elizabeth Mayer—10. Thomas Starkey, Esq; to Miss Jane Dickinson—11. Samuel Vokins, Esq; to Miss Horsenall—12. John Lubbock, Esq; to Miss Commerell—The Rev. Mr. Elias Brilly to Miss Elizabeth Ann Jones—13. Edward Chapman, Esq; to Mrs. Elizabeth Lockhart—The Rev. Dr. Boote, of Oxford Chapel, to Miss Brown—William Humphreys, Esq; to Miss Charlotte Oram—16. Mr. Reiner, Vintner, to Miss Elizabeth Kilby—Stockdale, Esq; to Miss Anne Mionet—Capt. Cornish, of the navy, to Miss Gambier—17. Mr. Dixon, Exchange-broker, to Miss Blackett—George Russell, Esq; to Miss Perkins—James Pearson, Esq; to Miss Jane Pearson—Mr. James Webb Gapper, to Miss Simons—Mr. Randall, attorney, to Miss Pewfy—18. Geo. Terry, Esq; to Miss Dorothy Reeves—The Hon James Clement Radcliffe, to Miss Clementine Parry—Mr. Thomas Wainwright, builder, to Miss Hannah Moys—23. William Montague, Esq; to Mrs. Tomlins—Joshua Manning, Esq; to Miss Sophia Stainsby.

DEATHS.

THE 4th of Sept. at Naples, of a fever, the Right Hon. Frederick Lord Baltimore, proprietary of the province of Maryland; by whose death, without issue, that ancient title is become extinct. Sept. 23 John Clutterbuck, Esq;—Mrs. Tornhill—At Edinburgh, Peter Guthrie, Esq; aged 105 years and three months. His fortune, which is very considerable, he has left to two maiden sisters, one of whom is 99, the other 97 years of age; and after their death to be divided amongst ten relations, who are all bachelors and maidens—Mr. Hutchins—William Lee—At Bath, Mr. Charles Morgan, late master of the coffee-house in the Grove—25. James Pearce, justice of the peace for the county of Huntingdon—26. Mr. Bridges, surgeon and apothecary—At Harrow, Master Julius, senior monitor of that school, and son of William Julius, Esq;—Mr. Oldham, agent—John Hannon, Esq;—Dr. Sands, physician and man-midwife—Mr. Cragg, whalebone-dealer—Mr. Duppa, Goldsmith—Mr. John Purser, printer—David Grant, Esq;—Mr. James Waldron, attorney—Edward Raymond, Esq;—31. Mr. Hughes, printer—Theodore Waldron, Esq; William Michell, Esq;—William Glover, Esq;—Mark Andrew, Esq;—The Reverend Charles Lawrence.

Oct. 2. Captain John Waddell—The

Rev. Julius Hutchinson—The Rev. Mr. Shaw, dissenting minister—Bailey, Esq;—Capt. Bafoar—Charles Bond, Esq;—Mr. Richard Edmonds, an eminent preacher among the Quakers—5. The Rev. Dr. Rutherford, professor of divinity in Cambridge, and archdeacon of Essex—Joseph Jessup, Esq;—Isaac Depuy, Esq;—William Simpson, Esq;—Joseph Jecumb, Esq;—Mrs. Meale—Mr. Bennet, in partnership with Mess. Brown and Platt, merchants—Mrs. Burt, mistress of the Turnham Green Stages—Dr. Norris—9. Hugh Cunningham, Esq;—Dr. Bent, physician to the Devon and Exeter hospitals—Mrs. Pitcairn—Timothy Lamb, Esq;—Thomas Grantham the elder, Esq;—10. Francis Goodge, Esq;—Mr. Mark Morley, coal and timber merchant—Mrs. Willes, Lady of the bishop of Bath and Wells—Mr. Pailaret, merchant—John Lemon, Esq;—Andrew Firminger, Esq; merchant—The Rev. Dr. John Gill—Mrs. W. Barry, of Drury-lane theatre—Ann Robbards—George Spelman, Esq;—At Leghorn, the 20th of September, Dr. Smollet, after a very long and painful illness.

B-NKR P.TS.

THOMAS Lydiard and John Pringley, of Macclesfield, in Cheshire, silk throwsters and copartners.
John Sanderson the elder, and Thomas Sanderson, of Manchester, and Richard Hand, of Milk-street, London, warehousemen and partners.
Daniel Solomons, of Tokenhouse-yard, London, jeweller.
Samuel Rowlett, of Crucifix Lane, St. John, Southwark, baker.
John Hogg and George Wood, of Lendenham-market, London, coffeemen and copartners.
William Hards, of New Shoreham, in Sussex, merchant and factor.
William Doore, of Campden, Gloucestershire, shopkeeper.
Thomas Hogg and William Fraser, of St. George, Middlesex, builders and partners.
Henry Buckle, of the parish of St. James, Westminster, in Middlesex, innholder.
John Badeley, of the parish of St. Luke, Old-street, Middlesex, victualler and lath-render.
Pultock Lane, of North Waltham, in the county of Norfolk, butcher.

FOREIGN AFFAIRS.
FRANCE.

PARIS, Sept. 16. The dutchess of Rochefoucault had a fall from her horse a few days ago, whereby she fractured her skull, and died immediately after the operation of the trepan, at the age of twenty-two years and some months, greatly regretted, on account of her many excellent qualities.

A letter from Paris, dated Oct. 7, says, "On the 1st inst. Madam Louisa of France took the veil of professions to the convent of the Carmelites at St. Denis. The archbishop of Damascus, the pope's nuncio, officiated upon this solemn occasion, and the ceremony of giving the veil to Madame Louisa was performed by the countess de Provence. Five archbishops and fifteen bishops assisted at this ceremony, and the greatest tranquillity was preserved, notwithstanding the con-

course of people of all ranks that were present."

HOLLAND.

Hague, Sept. 6. The sickness among the horned cattle continues to rage in the united provinces. A list is published of the number of those which have been seized with it in the province of Holland alone, by which it appears, that the dead amount to 171,780, and that those which recovered amount to 65,536.

PRUSSIA.

Berlin, Sept. 17. About a month ago the new barracks at Neifs fell down suddenly, and upwards of 100 persons were buried in the ruins. Gen. Tarnien, commandant in that place, immediately arrested le Sieur Le Febvre, colonel of engineers, who had the direction of that work; but this officer refusing to deliver up his sword, the commandant went to his house, caused him to be disarmed by an inferior officer, and sent him to prison. Le Sieur le Febvre could not survive this affront, but killed himself by 16 stabs with his knife. He was an officer highly esteemed by the king of Prussia, and had behaved gallantly in the late war.

SPAIN.

Escurial, Sept. 23. On Thursday last her royal highness the princess of Austrias was safely delivered of a prince. This happy event has given the greatest joy to his catholic majesty, the royal family, and the whole court. The princess and the young prince are both as well as possible.

His catholic majesty had a few days before received the news of the grand dutchess of Tuscany's delivery, and had ordered three days of Gala; these were, on the present occasion, converted into days of great Gala.

All the money, which had been, on similar occasions, laid out in publick bull-feasts, and other festivities, is now to be employed in portions for unmarried girls.

ITALY.

Rome, August 31. A few days since was discovered, by digging in the Appian Way, a metal head representing to the life the emperor Decimus Cæsius Balbinus, not in the least damaged, and of inestimable value. A present has been made of it to the pope.

CORSICA.

From the isle of Elba, Sept. 7. If some late advices from Corsica are to be credited, the French have been obliged to cease all their works in that island, as the malecontents come in the night, and burn, blow up, or demolish them. In short, twenty-two of these wretches in one night destroy all the work a whole battalion of French have completed in a week; their hatred towards the French is so great, that they poison all the wells, cisterns, fountains, and little springs, which are in that part of the country they inhabit; they kill the horses in the fields,

and infect the hay they are to eat, and are continually massacring some of the French officers. It is said, that being determined to throw off the French yoke, they have sent seven of their deputies to offer the general government of the island to an Italian prince. According to the plan they have made among themselves, and the capitulations they have agreed to, this prince is to accept of Corsica as an hereditary kingdom to his family. The nation is to furnish him with a revenue of 800,000 sequins per ann. and is to reserve the right of always having 6000 men on foot in the island. On the prince's side, he is to support nine battalions of infantry, three companies of hussars, and one corps of artillery of about 360 men.

Particulars of the duke of Gloucester's voyage.

Lisbon, Sept. 5. On Thursday last his royal highness the duke of Gloucester arrived here in good health, in his Brit. majesty's frigate, Venus, Capt. Balfour, attended by the Alarm frigate, Capt. Jervais.

His royal highness was conducted on shore by Count Baron, in one of his most faithful majesty's barges, and from thence in his majesty's coach to a house, fitted up by order of his majesty, for the use of his royal highness.

Yesterday he left this city and sailed for Gibraltar with a very fair wind: He was conducted on board ship by M. de Mello, one of the principal secretaries of state.

Gibraltar, Sept. 16. On Saturday the 7th inst. about noon, the Venus frigate, having his royal highness the duke of Gloucester on board, and Alarm, appeared in the Offing: As soon as the admiral could plainly discover the standard at the main top-mast-head, he saluted with twenty-one guns. When his royal highness went into the boat, the standard at the main-top-mast-head was struck, and hoisted in the boat, on which all the men of war saluted with twenty-one guns each. His royal highness landed about six, and was received by the governor, Lieutenant-General Cornwallis, at the Water-Port. The following days his royal highness employed in viewing the troops, and in visiting every part of this garrison with the greatest minuteness and attention. On the 13th in the morning, his royal highness rode towards the Spanish lines, attended by all the field-officers; at the Miquelot Hots he was met by Mr. Mendon, the Spanish general, and several Spanish officers; and at the Ring a body of about 120 Spanish horse, being detachments from four different regiments, were drawn up to escort him. His royal highness, after visiting the lines, alighted at the guard-room near the barrier. The Spanish general conducted his royal highness back to our barrier at Bay-side, where they parted. His royal highness came within

within the barrier, and continued on the causeway until the Spanish general was out of sight. His royal highness immediately embarked, the garrison and men of war paying him the same compliments as when he landed, except that the troops were not under arms. On his royal highness's going on board, the frigates got immediately under way.

Port-Mahon, Sept. 28. His royal highness the duke of Gloucester, in the Venus frigate, accompanied by the Alarm, arrived here on Saturday morning, the 21st instant. During his royal highness's stay in this island, he visited the fort at St. Philip's, and viewed the troops. His royal highness re embarked on the 23d, and sailed for Genoa with a fair wind.

Genoa, Sept. 30. On the 27th in the morning his Britannic majesty's ships Venus and Alarm arrived here, the former having on board his royal highness the duke of Gloucester. Soon after the Venus had dropped, the master of the ceremonies and the captain of the port were sent on board with a compliment from the republic, to beg his royal highness would receive a deputation of six noblemen, (who had been previously named for that purpose) and likewise accept a lodging which the republic had prepared for his reception, as also the usual present of refreshments; but his royal highness chose to decline them, at the same time expressing his perfect sensibility of the civilities intended to be shewn to him. His royal highness has since received visits from some of the nobility, but declines any publick attentions.

The following is an extract of a letter from Leghorn, dated Oct. 4, to the Prince de Galitzin, the Russian minister at the Hague. — "The captain of a French merchant-ship which arrived here yesterday in 29 days from Smyrna, brings advice that the Russian troops have made a descent at Negropont, and were battering the fortress there."

A letter from the isle of Zante, in the Gulf of Venice, informs, that in the night between the 18th and 19th of September last, the Russians attempted the passage of the Dardanelles, but that they had been so pressed by the strength of the current, and an incessant fire from the batteries, that they were obliged to give over the attempt.

NOTE TO CORRESPONDENTS.

THE letter relative to the French couple at Southampton, who intruded on the author so disagreeably, is not calculated to give any great amusement to our readers.

We should be glad to oblige Philanthropos, but really discover nothing in the inventory of Margery Grover to merit the distinction of a place; it is a mere catalogue of goods without

humour or application, and consequently could only fill a space which may be more advantageously occupied.

We are much obliged to the correspondent who has favoured us with the south-west prospect of Catherine chapel, but we have lately given so many plates of a similar nature, that we are under a necessity of laying his drawing aside, to give a proper variety to the public.

Poor Robin is a string of lines, in our opinion, without a purpose, and cannot on that account be injuriously treated if suppressed.

R. V's detached thoughts shall be inserted in our next.

To deserve Mr. Biffon's good opinion, we decline to comply with his request, as we cannot discover the wonders he finds out in the poem which he has obligingly sent us.

If our angry correspondent of last month will only give the London Magazine a candid comparison, in all respects, with any other of its competitors, we flatter ourselves that his determination upon the whole will not be greatly to its disadvantage. We constantly give a large variety of original essays, besides all the important publications that appear in the course of the month — Our Political Debater, our British Theatre, our Benevolent Society, and Impartial Review, are besides entirely originals. In fact to say nothing of Plates, Music, Poetry, or Monthly Chronologer, the purchasers of the London Magazine have little less than ten shillings worth of reading, which we hope will not disgrace any library, for sixpence, and therefore are vain enough to think, that no fault can justly be found with the proprietors.

Horatio's request shall certainly be complied with.

Monimia we pity most sincerely, but think, for particular reasons, it will be more prudent to suppress than publish the story of her misfortunes.

A Grubstreet Writer has humour, but wants that degree of delicacy which is necessary for a Magazine much read by the ladies.

If Zeno will favour us with a defence of the Monthly Reviewers, it shall be inserted in the next number; we have no wish whatever to reflect upon our cotemporaries, but the justice due to the public obliges us to print the letters of our correspondents, when they are evidently proper for insertion.

Cleora's letter is left at the publisher's.

Pertinax will see what he writes about in our present number.

John Bull's correspondence will be acceptable upon the conditions which he himself so modestly, as well as so sensibly mentions.

Peter Paragraph's hint is judicious, and will be immediately adopted.

A's letter and Mr. Howe's answers together with some new questions are received, and will be carefully inserted in our next.



